

ZION'S HERALD.

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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

THE ITINERANT'S WIFE.

BY REV. A. J. HOUGH.

Don't think my life is one of ease,
And spent in idle musing,
Or that two willing hands like these
Are white for want of using.
My duties are both hard and sweet;
I know an idle creature,
Would suit one with a Congress seat
But not a traveling preacher.

We have no maid to scrubbing kneel,
Or servant-man to ease us,
But in the humblest duty feel
We're doing it for Jesus.
I try to make the dollars go
As far as I am able,
That we may comfort have, you know,
And plenty on the table.

I have to cook, scrub, stitch, and bake,
Without a moment's leisure,
I do it all for Jesus' sake,
And toil becomes a pleasure.
I have one class myself to lead,
And love the sick to visit—
My life an idle one, indeed!
Come tell me, friends, now is it?

And after tolling with my might
At washing and at wringing,
I hurry off on Thursday night
To pray and lead the singing,
And there, in worship pure and sweet,
Forget that I am weary,
And feel I share at Jesus' feet
A place with loving Mary.

On Sabbath morn I have to use
The moments as they're fleeting,
For if a few I chance to lose,
I'm surely late for meeting.
And if there is one thing I hate,
(I fear I'm sometimes surly)
It is to see those come in late
Who might have come in early.

And whether right or wrong, I know
My mind is made up on it,
Some people come in late to show
A new coat or a bonnet.
For if a sick one's home in bed,
And friends have linger'd by it,
You scarce can hear them when they tread,
They all come in so quiet.

And at the late one people stare
To study every feature,
As though they really seem'd to care
More for them than the preacher.
And why turn round when children about
For something in the service?
It only makes the mother out,
And makes the preacher nervous.

My partner has his daily task
Of visiting and thinking;
He values time—so don't you ask
Him out to much tea-drinking.
He thinks, and so do I, the aim
Of all his visit-paying
Should be to honor Jesus' name,
By reading and by praying.

I know our preachers waste much time
At socials and at dinners,
Instead of gathering thought sublime,
And looking after sinners.
So when they toll on Sabbath-day,
The stones in Zion laying,
You find they have not much to say
That's really worth the saying.

We have at times hard work to give
Both ends a gentle meeting,
For people fancy we can live
Without the aid of eating.
Men will not let at bank or store
Good wishing pass for paying,
And people ought to value more
Their preaching and their praying.

But if we want, and cannot get,
My mind's made up about it,
For sooner than we'd go in debt
We'd rather go without it.
And still we never had to feel,
In darkest hour that tried us,
A need, our crust of oil, and meal
Said, "could not be supplied us."

And though rude crosses strew the way,
I would not change my station
To sit beside the maso to-day
Who rules this mighty nation.
For if I ever more aim in life
Than pleasing Christ, my teacher,
It is to be the faithful wife
Of an itinerant preacher.

WALDEN, VT.

FEATHERS FROM MEXICO.

BY GILBERT HAYDEN.

THE REST OF VERA CRUZ.
I left you tossing on the sea, in the harbor of Vera Cruz. It will be a fortnight between the mails, and you may have to lie as long as that in sight of the city and unable to land. It is a cruel fate to which "the Northern" sometimes subjects the passengers, and to which the mails may be subjected you. I feel a sympathetic emotion for you at the very thought, and begin again to "grow sick at heart" and head, and as Charles Wesley would add, at bowels, for he was over fond of that word, as expressive of even religious emotion. The black vomit has its seat at Vera Cruz, and these emotions are the shadow of that blacker thing that may await you at the mole. Yet the Northern who so dread at sea, is the only reason why this city exists. It may create qualms on ship-board, but it drives away the yellow fever on shore. Its coming concludes that pestilence, though it is said to also conclude the lives of all prostrated with the disease at its coming; their relaxed system succumbing at its over-tonical force. So we may accept the lesser evil in view of the greater blessings that it brings, and rejoice that "Northern" rage in the Gulf of Mexico. The reason why a Northern may prevent a landing is that there is no real harbor here, and the situation of the port is such that the north wind drives its waves straight on and over the mole, or the only dock that advances only a few hundred feet into the sea.

The waves rise and roll over this wharf, and prevent all landing. Indeed, the waves could hardly allow a boat upon them, were a landing possible, so high they roll. Yet all this could be cured by a few score thousand dollars. The castle lies two miles, perhaps, from the shore, and reefs extend a third of the way towards it on the northern side. A breakwater could easily be built over the rest of the way, and the harbor of Vera Cruz laugh at the peril of the north wind, and enjoy its refreshment. Sometime the government will make this improvement. "Manana," "To-morrow" they would say here, their word for all enterprises and duties.

Our Northern has subsided, and we enter the sunny bay, on the last Saturday morning in December, as warm and delicious a morning as ever broke over Boston bay. The walls of the city of the True Cross break on the eye; a speck of superior whiteness, amid the glittering sand dunes that enclose it, but a whiteness that does not increase as you approach. Small palms scantily scatter themselves among the sand hills, and thin grass and a parched vegetation, though far away hills lift a solid terrace of green to your fascinated eyes, and towering over all, Orizaba raises its snow-capped spear, a peak of unequalled beauty. All the zones are around and before you, from Greenland to Abyssinia.

The harbor is empty of shipping; only four or five vessels lie on its dangerous sea. The famous castle, San Juan d'Ulloa, is a large, round fortress, of a dingy yellow. A castle impregnable, it is said, except to assault, which was never attacked that it was not taken. Cortez professed to expend thirteen millions upon it, and Charles the Fifth, once calling for his glass, and looking through it, westward, was asked what he was looking for. "San Juan d'Ulloa," he replied. "I have spent so much on it that it seems to me I ought to see it standing out on the western sky."

ITS SIZE AND SHAPE.

This city consists of sixty acres, be they more or less, enclosed with a begimmed wall, from ten to twenty feet in height. Boston Common is not far from the size of Vera Cruz; the burnt district considerably larger. It has one principal street running back from the shore a single block. A horse railway passes down this Calle Central once a half hour or so, and for a real, or twelve and a half cents, takes you the half a mile that street extends. One street runs parallel with this the entire length of the city, and two shorter ones fill out the arc that the rear wall makes. Eight or ten cross these at right angles. That is all of the True Cross viewed geographically. Numerically, it has fifteen thousand inhabitants, of whom over one thousand are foreigners, and only about five thousand can read or write. The Indian population predominates in numbers, and the Spanish in wealth and influence, though the Mexican is a conglomerate of both, and each in its separate or blended state is without social degradation or distinction. Its chief street has two arcades with little markets and tables of brandy, or of coffee sippers. It has a score or two of stores, some with quaint names, as El Pobre Diabolo, "The Poor Devil," over a neat dry goods house, whose merchant thereby humbly confesses he does not make over "one per cent" on every two. Another has B. B. B. as his initials: Bueno, Bonito, Barato, good, pretty, cheap.

The streets are narrow as they should be in hot countries. They rivulets trickle down their centres, and disinfected in the sickly season nightly cleanse these open sewers.

THE BUZZARD.

Another, and a more important source of its cleanliness, is the buzzard, I had been taught to detest the buzzard, perhaps because it was black. I had heard how unclean a thing it was, and was exceedingly prejudiced against it. But I find to my surprise that here, this despised and detested creature is the sacred bird, almost. It darkens the air with its flocks, roosts on the roofs, towers, steeple tops, everywhere. A fine of five dollars is levied against one who shoots one of them. It is the most privileged individual of the town. The reason why? It is the street-cleaner. It picks the offal from gutter or sidewalk, and nothing escapes its hungry maw. Its business may not be cleanly, but its person is. It never looks soiled, but its black wings shine, and its beak is as white as a tooth. It looks like a nice housemaid whose service does not make her soiled. It is a large bird, of the turkey species, though of a broad swift wing, that sustains it in long flights. It looks very solemn,

the priest of the air, especially when it sits on the cross of the churches, one on each arm frequently, and one on the top. Once I saw two thus sitting on the top, one on the other, as quiet and churchly as though each were carved in stone. Hood says, —

"The daw's not reckon'd a religious bird Because it keeps a-cawing from the steeple."

But the buzzard comes nearer that desert, and by its solemn air, clerical garb, and sanitary service, may claim a place in as well as on the sanctuary. Perhaps some foes of the cloth might say its greediness, and determination to have the last mite (if alive), was also a proof of this relationship. At any rate, unlike the daw, it is the protected, if not the petted bird of the city, and helps keep off the pestilence which has a blacker hue and more horrible nature than the worst of its enemies ever attributed to it. Honor to the faithful black servant of man, as to those featherless bipeds of like hue, that are more worthy of our praise, for their most excellent service.

THE HOUSES.

The houses hug the narrow sidewalk, each with a large portal opening into a roofless court, and with windows scantily piercing their second story. They very rarely go higher. Not a building enclosing the chief plaza, is above this height. Hotel, warehouse, and governor's residence close with the second story. The third occasionally appears, but fourth and fifth, up to seventh and eighth, with Mansard roofs two stories more — these Boston and New York luxuries are here unknown. Why? because the earth gets searier here. Ex-President Hill's theory, that a fire is fed from below, and must be put out by pouring water on its base, and not its summit, obtains here in regard to earthquakes. The earth shakes from below, and would topple down these towers on the haughty heads that dared to lift them up. So the city well might reach the Sybarite perfection Edward Everett Hale approves, and is hardly ever over two stories, and is much of it of the perfect perfection of one story. These houses are of mortar or stone, all of them, and very broad of base and thick of wall. They hug the earth so close that she cannot throw them off. She must put herself clean over, before she can turn these houses on the heads of their builders. Those heads were level, and their works are also.

STREET LIFE.

The wind flows through the open windows, cool as the midsummer sea breeze, never cooler. The streets have donkeys, carrying water in kegs, milk in bottles, charcoal, their only fuel, in bags, grasses for thatch, and other burdens. A carriage I have not yet seen. One is said to exist here, but it is not visible to the naked eye. A few horses are used, chiefly by the hacendados, or farmers riding into town. The business is quite large, and some houses do a million and a half a year; for here comes about all the goods of Europe and America that enter Mexico. But the houses that get the trade are chiefly foreign and German, so that the people of the country, as such, are still poor, poorer, poorest.

THE LORD'S DAY.

is an unknown institution in Vera Cruz. The Spaniards have given it the right name. Properly distinguished between the Sabbath, which they give to Saturday (Sabbato), and the Lord's Day (Domingo), we could follow their example. It would save much debate, and clarify and steady many a conscience, if they could see the Lord's Day in our nomenclature. They would then perceive its sacred delight and obligation. Yet if it turned out with us as with these, the name had better be left unchanged. *Stat nominis sacri umbra*; and only that shadow stands. All else is gone. The shops are open, the workmen busy, the church attended once, as in the mummery of this morning. Then the circus came riding down the street, the clown and two pretty boys ahead, preparatory to performing outside the walls. It was the first band of music I had heard on Sunday since that which awoke me in Detroit last summer. How sad and striking the resemblance. Shall our German infidelity and mis-education make our land like Mexico? Or shall our holy faith and a holy life make this land like the New England of our fathers? As Mr. Lincoln said, our nation must be all slave or all free. And as One infinitely greater said, a house divided against itself cannot stand, so America, North and South, the United States and Mexico, must be all Christian in its Sabbath sanctity, or all diabolical.

EL CAMPO SANTO.

I walked out in the afternoon to the cemetery, feeling that the best church and congregation were to be found there. The way led over the Alameda, or a short bridge across a tiny stream, which a lined with young cocoas-nut palms, and stone seats for loungers; and where Cortez once built a bridge ten feet or so long, for which he

charged the government three million of dollars, making even Tweed lower his haughty front before this Castilian grandeur of thieving. The Church of Christ stood a little beyond, with huts of the poor near it, a church where funeral services are mostly performed. A poor old man was kneeling on a bench near the door, with arms outspread, and agonized face, muttering earnestly. O that I could have spoken to him, so that he might have been taught the way of life more perfectly, and might have gone down to his house justified and rejoicing in the Lord Jesus, to whom not one of his muttered prayers was addressed. The Street of Christ leads out half a mile to the Campo Santo. Well-named is that street, if lowliest people are nearest Him, and if the grave is His triumphant goal.

The walls of the grave-yard are high and deep. Tall obelisks stand at either corner. The dead sleep not in the open area, which is unoccupied, but on the walls. Tablets cover the recess that encloses the coffin, and words of tenderness rather than faith, bedew the marble. Not the highest faith. No such beautiful words as are found on the monuments of the saintly dead of Protestant climes shine forth here. Northampton has no rival here, that choice of grave-yards in its simplicity of elegance and richness of scriptural and Christian quotation. Mount Auburn is surpassed, however. I heard the Misses Warner once say they had found hope in that cemetery. It is as stony in its faith as in the hewn and polished walls that engirt each tiny lot. It has marble dogs and granite sphynxes, and bas-relief expressions, wreathed pillars, and statues of men of renown, but rare is a monument or a line of faith. It will strike others thus. Edwards, and Fisk, and Wayland ought to stand in marble among its statues, and Christianity speak from its cold and glittering graves. Let those whose believing dead are buried there, make them preach their faith from their sepulchres.

Yet in the Campo Santo itself I found food for meditation, if not in its inscriptions. I gathered its flowers growing wild and beautiful over its area, and returned as from a Sabbath-day's journey, strengthened in the Gospel truth and work.

FIRST PROTESTANT SERVICE.

That evening, through the kindness of the American Consul, a congregation of nearly thirty gathered in his rooms, and held a Christian service. "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," were sung, and the word spoken from "To you that believe, He is precious." It was the first service the Holy Catholic (not Roman) Church ever held in that city. It was good to be there, as many felt. We found young men at work on the railroad, who were members of the Baptist Church. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians were also present. It seemed as if the day-star was about to arise over this long-darkened soil. If schools could be established here by Christian teachers, and a service could be held regularly in English, the nucleus of a Church would be organized, and the work soon be extended to the native population. This nakedness of thought and culture, of mind and heart, is distressing. I hope this first Christian service will not be the last, and that soon all the people may hear and receive the words of this life.

THE RAILROAD INAUGURATION.

The city is putting on its best bib-and-tucker, for to-morrow President Senor Lerdo is to arrive, and great is to be the rejoicing. The government residences are being tastefully arrayed, and coats of white, yellow, and blue wash are spread over all the buildings surrounding the square. I never knew before how easily and cheaply one can renew the face of a soiled wall. That cathedral looks as if built yesterday. True, if it should rain to-night, it would be badly streaked, but it cannot rain, for will not —

"To-morrow be the happiest day of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow will be of all the year, the maddest, merriest day?"

For Vera Cruz is joined to Mexico, and Lerdo comes this way.

This last line is not in Tennyson.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The poor consumptive found her to-morrow a less glad one than she anticipated, and so has Vera Cruz hers. I had written so far, and put up my papers, and retreated from the Plaza de la Constitucion, and from the sun, which paid little regard to cocoas-nut palms, Chinese laurel, the almond-tree, or other foliage.

To-morrow came, but not the President. Everybody dressed himself in his best; the streets were trimmed with lanterns; a green pavilion was arranged at the station, but he came not. Announced at ten, reannounced at five, the soldiers marched down the streets, all colors, officers and privates, and all mixed together, just as they

ought to be in the United States. The people fill the balconies, house-tops, and walls. The boys jeer, and hoot, and whistle, as if they were Yankees. Still he comes not.

Somebody drops a real in the passage-way, kept open for him by the soldiers, and a bit of a black boy, very pretty, and very prettily dressed, is pushed out for it by older boys, white and olive, who dare not risk the attempt themselves. A soldier holds him back. A boy dirty and brown, in the employ of the street lamp-lighters, comes down the path to help locate some temporary lamp-posts, and sees the real, catches it, and is off, amid the laugh of the crowd. So the successful man is often the last on the field of conflict.

It grows dark, and we give it up, and so do many others. At eight he comes, but nobody sees him, and Vera Cruz has spent a day in waiting, and spent it in vain. How much is that like human life!

THE CHURCH OPPORTUNITIES.

The opening for Christian work is not surpassed by that of any city. It should be taken possession of by the true Church of the True Cross. The foreign element alone would make a large congregation. They can all understand English. The natives are horribly neglected, and would respond to earnest missionary effort. It is the seaport of the country, and many sailors visit it. The danger from yellow fever is not great. Gentlemen who had resided there fifteen years laughed at the fear of strangers. It is certainly no greater for ministers than for merchants. It is a good centre of influence and departure. Let Cortez's dream be fully answered, and Vera Cruz preach and practice the perfect Gospel of Christ crucified.

MEXICO, Jan. 11, 1873.

P. S. I received this day from the Publisher an invitation to attend the semi-centennial of the first issue of Zion's Herald, observed day before yesterday. I confess to a desire to put myself backward in time about two days, and distant in space about twenty-five hundred miles, and drop in on that celebration. I see the familiar faces of the fathers of the Herald, lay and clerical; Sargeant and Sleeper and Merrill and Brackett and Newcomb and Upham — the half-dozen remnant of the strong men who put their shoulder to that wheel, and set that new machinery of our Church in motion. There are but a few here. Most have fallen asleep; some of the more famous of them in the last few years. The dust is hardly yet hardened over the forms of some of the chief of its early helpers — Isaac Rich, Lee Claflin, Wm. C. Brown, John Gore, and Father Taylor. But they were not real originators. Merritt and Fisk and Hedding and Scott and Joseph A. Merrill and Soule and Kent were the fathers of the fathers — men whose fame is in all the churches, and in all the land. New England gave the Church the newspaper. May she ever guide that paper with her own fidelity to Christian ideas.

I hear the vesper bells float sadly into my ears as I write, close under the towers of the Cortez Cathedral. I feel that what this city wants is the earnest Christian press and pulpit. Zion's Herald has many children scattered over America and the world, though, like Columbus, she fails to give her name to the land she discovered. The Advocate, like America, has appropriated the Church title. Yet Herald is a better name. It is an ambassador, a summoner, a trampeter, a proclaimer. If it had put "Church" or "Christian," instead of Zion's, it might have kept its name among its progeny. It does not matter, if it keeps its nature there. May the present editor, agent, and managers of the Herald, whose pleased faces around that board I most pleasurably recall, its patrons, subscribers, and readers, if these do not steal the reading, enjoy many a festival from its columns; and may it soon find one of its children, its last and best, flourishing in this city and country, as radical and as right as the mother of them all has ever been. Hail to its centennial, when the world will have been brought, through its instrumentality, into much closer oneness of faith and form, without vice or crime or error, or anything but Christ.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE GLOBE.
BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.
These attractive and highly illustrated volumes of Reclus are the fruits of an attempt to popularize the Natural Sciences, and are fortunate in attaining the golden mean equidistant from the dull and juiceless compilations of Dr. Dryasdust, and the trashy water-gruel preparations of Prof. Shallow, of the College of Quacks. They are learned

* 1. The Earth: Illustrated by 200 maps and figures. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872.

* 2. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life: Illustrated by 250 maps and figures. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872.

without being pedantic, and readable without being shallow and flashy. The results of the most extensive learning, and the most accurate scholarship, are given in a clear, flowing, and sparkling style. The books read like a story, and we forget that the author is carefully conducting us along the paths of the most profound research. If there chance to be a passage in the great volume of Nature not so easy to be explained by language, his multiplied and magnificent illustrations set it before the eye as clear as a sunbeam.

Such rare and delightful works remind us how the earth we inhabit is capable of furnishing us the most genial and attractive themes of study. The heavens may declare the glory of God, but it is the earth that showeth His handy work. The one is cold and distant as the stars in a November evening, too high to be attained by our earthly sympathies; the other is near, is our cradle, our homestead, and as such, taken up into our tenderest sympathies and holiest affections.

What place like our birth-spot? What a halo encircles its rudest common-places, growing more luminous as, with each year we recede from it! That old cottage, or cabin, however homely, when viewed by the eye of experience and years, looms up in our fertile imaginations more gorgeously than the palace of Aladdin. That grove, and brook, and garden, and those hills and fields that smiled upon us in childhood, where are such beauty, such music, such charms as theirs? How carefully, as they fade into the distance, are their memories touched with vermillion and gold!

The earth, as our home, no doubt has a vulgar and evil side, of which many naughty things could be said; but then as our birth-spot, as the starting post of the long journey we are to travel, and as the scene of our early training for higher spheres, and for more glorious services in the future periods of our existence, it possesses, to our sympathetic eyes, attractive and lovable features. However homely to others, to us it is beautiful. It is the home of our childhood, the scene of our beginnings, of our struggles, of our uprising out of the material into the spiritual. To us it has afforded many a salutary and enjoyable lesson, opening to our unimpressed and expanding minds the great picture-book of the Creator, in which the unlettered, the child, and he that runneth may read the most delightful lessons of God and duty.

Of all studies, those of nature are the most human, healthful, and delightful. Nature has a balm for body and soul — a fresh and healing touch that goes down to the springs of our being. He who never feels the breath of nature, never comes to see her in her unadorned loveliness, or to watch and trace out her wise and curious ways, loses much like the child who never beheld the face or caught the inspiring smile of his mother.

In the study of nature there are two methods open to us — the one penetrating to the deep principles of the system; the other giving the features, the surface view, the physiognomy, as it were, of the planet we inhabit. Both methods have their value and importance. The latter, always most attractive to the mass of people, seems to be the proper way to begin. The rind must be cut through first. This is the Divine method of education, the child reads the countenance long before he can philosophically define the traits of character, coming up confusedly in the background. The individuality is distinctly defined, then the principles that underlie that individuality. We want first to see the face of nature, to distinguish her main features, and then through those to read the principles below the surface. The teacher often performs his best office in standing by to show how this line, curve, or protuberance, indicates this or that trait of character hidden behind. The mechanism within is first indicated, and studied on the dial-plate.

Such is the method of Reclus in these graceful and graphic volumes. They unfold science by displaying the surface of the material world; they profess not to give the principles of science, but to perform the more attractive work of giving "a descriptive history of the life of the Globe;" to illustrate and explain the physiognomy of our planet, in a series of photographic views with pen and pencil. Feeling like the ancients, that the earth has something vital, he wishes to give the face plump, and even puffed, as the almanac artists do that of the moon.

One advantage of his works, is the view they afford us of nature in her wholeness. The field of science is so broad, that no one person is able to cultivate the whole of it, and as a result, it has been cut up into many departments and farmed out to different classes of scientists, each one of whom is quite apt to appreciate overhighly his own work, or rather to depreciate

the value of labors in other parts of the field. Men do not appear to be quite broad enough to study nature in her entirety. And yet until this be done, we are not able to reap the ultimate advantages of the study. The man with his brick gave about as good an idea of the city he wished to describe, as does the one-dead scientist of the sum of wisdom in nature.

Many of the difficulties between the disciples of science and of Christ, arise from these partial views. Men see the greatest objections to the Bible when they first open the volume of nature; but as they extend their view, and come to compass the entire field, the difficulty often vanishes, and there is discovered a beautiful harmony to run through the two books. Much harm is often done by a scientific man who has become intense in the study of his little section of truth, and who insists that all the truth is his, and all other parts are to be judged by his part.

The harmony and breadth of his scientific knowledge, enable Reclus to repudiate this vicious method. He paints no one feature, but the broad countenance of nature, and contrives by the skillful use of light and shade, to give each feature its proportionate prominence.

In the first volume we have an account of the solid parts of the globe — the land, and those forces constantly in operation to change its surface. The two great continents stand out like the high cheek bones of a giant, variously curved and indented, with a dislocated chin tossed into the southern seas in the shape of Australia.

On these broad expanses the hand of time, by heat and cold, by rain and snow, sun, wind, and ice, is making constant change. The atmosphere gnaws away above; the earthquake and volcano thunder below; and between the two millstones the continents are being ground up.

The second volume, in many respects the more curious and entertaining, gives an account of "the ocean, atmosphere, and life."

The ocean, usually considered a waste, a watery desert in the field of nature, is found on more careful examination, to hold a high and responsible office in the economy of the material universe. The ocean is the workshop of nature. Nature is slow to let men into her secrets. On the surface she seems to be doing nothing; in the sea her multitudinous tools and hands are in constant play. By waves, currents, icebergs, by volcanoes and earthquakes, those giant arms of the sea, islands, mountains, continents are being thrown up and demolished. How they do it, it is the office of our author to tell us, as well as to point out how the living tribes cooperate with or impede the progress of these natural and blind forces, employed so skillfully by the hand of God.

PRAYER.

Thy will be done, O Lord,
And be thy name adored,
Forever more.
O hear me while I plead,
Thou who for all didst bleed;
Thy will be done.
With thou thy grace impart,
Strength to thy burdened heart,
For I am weak.
O may I ever stay
Close by thy side alway,
Thy will be done.
Though bitter be the cup,
Oh may I drink it up
Cheerfully, Lord.
O may thy love sustain,
And cheer this drooping frame;
Thy will be done.
Jesus take this poor heart,
Remove from every part
Unholy things.
Cleanse me from every sin,
O make me pure within,
Thy will be done.
And when I leave this shore,
O wilt thou bear me o'er
Death's chilling flood,
Still teach my heart to cling,
And trustingly to sing
Thy will be done.

LIZZIE SOULE.

Our English exchanges contain notices of the recent demise of John Fernley, for many years one of the most useful, devoted, and honored laymen of the Wesleyan Church. A business man of simple means, he bestowed largely upon the Church of his choice and benevolent enterprises. Of fine tastes and studious habits, in theology few unprofessional men were better read. Says *The Recorder*: "A private life purer than Mr. Fernley's, a social life happier, a public life brighter in usefulness, it will not be easy to find among the laymen of Methodism, or of any other Christian community."

The *Christian Advocate* informs us that Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D., pastor of Spring Garden Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, expects to start March 1 on a tour in Europe and Palestine. His people ask for his return the third year, and generously grant him leave of absence for six months, continuing his salary, and supplying his pulpit during his absence, and a noble-hearted brother of his Church proposes to pay his personal expenses while abroad. He will take his wife and son with him, leaving them in Italy while he travels in Palestine. Rev. H. W. Warren, pastor of the Arch Street Church, is to accompany him, and through the generosity of his Church shares a similar good fortune.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

PREACHING THE WORD.

BY REV. W. E. CRAFTS.

"Go ye into all the world and preach," said the Master. "Preach the Word," said the Great Apostle. The world, then, is our parish; the Word, the power of God for its salvation, preaching, the appointed means for bringing them together.

The enterprises proposed are immense, and indicate that God has given to the preacher only a little less than angel's work, and crowned him with glory and honor. It is declared to be as though God did beseech men by us, and also that we speak "in Christ's stead." The Epistle to the Hebrews calls us "co-witnesses with God," and places preaching in the same conference with "signs and wonders and divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost." The Jews imprisoned two of God's ministers at Philippi, but they made that inner prison a pulpit, and as "they prayed and sung praises the prisoners heard them," and God so spoke with them that the jailer made those stocks an anxious seat, and hastened forward for prayers, crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

It was a great triumph of musical and mechanical skill, when, in the Peace Jubilee, electricity brought the cannon into chime with the chorus; but greater and grander than that was the chiming of God's earthquake with the prayers and praises of Paul and Silas. They were indeed co-witnesses with God. He places our songs and prayers and sermons by the side of his own earthquakes, and his convicting Spirit as heralds of his truth.

Another mark of the preacher's honor is the message committed to his care. The heavens in all their glory are only "the work of God's fingers;" the waters he holds in "the hollow of his hand," but for man's redemption as if for his grandest work, He "made bare his arm,"—and this redemption is our message. The angels desire to look into it; the saints around the throne sing of the cleansing blood; Moses and Elias coming to Christ from the heavenly world talk with him, not of crowns and thrones, but of "his deicide"—the death by which we live,—and this theme of saints and angels is ours, to preach Christ and Him crucified.

What is preaching that God is thus mindful of it? It is not teaching, although it includes it. Teaching is too slow for the work we have to do. Saul was benefited more by one flash of heavenly light at the gate of Damascus, and by that one moment at the feet of Jesus, than by years of teaching at the feet of Gamaliel. And preaching is not reasoning, although it includes it. The grandest arguments the preacher can use are inward life and outward fruits. When Stephen opened his lips in argument men answered with scorn, but when the divine life appeared in his shining face "all that were in the council steadfastly looked upon him." Peter and John argued and found men ready to answer, but when they "showed the man that was healed standing by," they could say nothing against it. Teaching and reasoning are useful, but too slow in their methods. "The King's business requires haste." The New Testament opens with John the Baptist in the wilderness, crying, "Repent, prepare for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" it closes with John the apostle, in the rocky isle, crying, "Repent, hold fast, for the Lord comes." This glorious confidence and haste are the grand characteristics of the Christian preacher—the periods, the imperatives, the present tense of immediateness and certainty. Teaching is a slow process of building up character little by little. We preach a Christ who can tear down the temple of sin, and build it again for Himself in three days; nay, in three seconds if need be. Reasoning is merely defensive warfare. But the disciples, when they received their commissions to preach on the Mount of Ascension, were not a Leonidas band, responsibly merely to defend Christianity against the hosts that assailed it, but they were rather a Gideon's band, under orders to march forth and take the world for Christ. Preaching, then, is proclaiming a message with certainty, directness, immediateness stamped on every word. Like the Master, we must "speak with authority." This authority is not egotism, but the outgrowth of the soul's certainties—those things that we do not merely hear or think, but know and are. Yet this authority and certainty are "sounding brass" without the second essential element of preaching—to proclaim implies to be. A teacher may explain theories of whose truth he has no knowledge; a debater may support a proposition in which he does not believe; but a preacher must put the life into the lips, and the man must be the message. The Emancipation Proclamation has been so written by an expert penman that the shading of the letters forms a picture of President Lincoln that seems to lie below the writing. Behind every proclamation of God's truth men wish to see the living character. The background of Moses' Psalm is his transfigured face. The background of the Beatitudes is the "pure," "peace-making," "merciful" life of Him that uttered them. Every preacher as he points out the right way, and explains the truth, and urges to Christian life must be able, although in a modified sense, to make the words of Christ his own: "I am the way, the truth and the life." A prayer appropriate in the preparation of every sermon is that adopted by a peculiar but successful brother preacher, "Lord, make me real." To be and to [proclaim] the

word of faith which we preach in the mouth and in the heart—this is true preaching. And this preaching must be everything or nothing to us. Teaching and reasoning may have a divided service. But the preacher must say, "One thing I do—preach." He must also say, "one thing have I desired," and "one thing I know,"—the word, the revelation of God's will. It is said that the perfect man is he who "knows something of everything and everything of something." The preacher should, as far as he may, know "something of everything," but especially should he know "everything of one thing,"—the Word of God.

Our commission is, "Preach the Word," the word in nature, in the Bible, in Christ and in the soul, the four volumes which declare God's will.

A physiologist in lecturing on the human body may hang illustrated charts about the walls, then read his lecture, then show the force of his theories by means of his own body, and then still further exemplify them by a large number of cases from medical practice. God has as great a variety in His methods of presenting His truth. He teaches men with the illustrations of nature, the definite statements of the Bible, "the word made flesh" and the "living epistles" of heart experiences. These four gospels must be used to explain and enforce each other, and should form the staple of our preaching. Look at that greatest and grandest discourse of the ages, "the sermon on the Mount," and notice how Christ used each of these revelations in his preaching. In almost every paragraph He speaks of what "is written," of what "hath been said" in the Scriptures, and declares that he who keeps their commands is "great," and that "not one jot or tittle shall in anywise fail until all be fulfilled," and in verse after verse he explains the deep meaning of the written word, teaching us that we should not be content with sailing in the shallows of a superficial examination of its truths, but rather, with our congregations, "launch out into the deep." Observe, also, how Christ uses everything about Him, especially in nature, to illustrate His thoughts. It seems as if the sermon was written upon a map of the mountain and its vicinity, for we find appearing all through it, the neighboring city set on a hill, the narrow and wide gates, the shadow of the coming cloud, the ravens and sparrows, grapes and thorns, grass and lilies of the mountain side. If the sermon were written on that very ground itself, the objects in sight could hardly have been more vividly blended with its words. Our sermons, also, should "consider the heavens," and "consider the lilies," living verses from the bright revelation of God's love. Then in his beaming eye and throbbing heart the Master shows a living Christ, and to-day enables His true ministers to be so "hid with Christ in God" that during their sermons the hearers shall "see no man save Jesus only." Christ only evinces the deepest knowledge of the book of human nature as He cuts through all forms and appearances, and talks of "the poor in spirit," and "the pure in heart."

It is a wise remark of Bishop Jones, "a minister needs to study his congregation as much as his skeleton." Like our Master, we must in some degree "know what is in man," and as far as possible "discern how they reason among themselves." As a physician studies his patient as well as his books, and a lawyer his jury as well as his authorities, so must the preacher study men, as well as manuscripts and preach, not to phantoms of rhetorical rules, but to living hearts. Thus honored with God's Word to preach, and his word to live, we go forth to-day. The signs of the times indicate that our ranks are to be reinforced in the fulfillment of the prophecy, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy;" and also that prophetic prayer which the Young Men's Christian Association and other movements among the laymen are making good, "would that all men were prophets." When this shall come to pass, Christians shall indeed "go everywhere preaching the word" and "the sound shall go forth into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

THEIRS OR OURS.

BY REV. M. J. TALBOT, D. D.

At a lecture in an Orthodox Theological Seminary in New England, one of the students asked of the professor, an explanation of the fact that the Baptists have recently achieved so large success in the United States, and become as numerous, or nearly so, as the Methodists. The explanation given was, that the Baptists had made their rapid advancement by adopting the plans of the Methodists. However the facts may be determined as to the relative numbers of Methodists and Baptists, no candid observer will fail to acknowledge that we have in the latter denomination a host of most devoted and zealous co-laborers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. Our professor's remark is worthy of consideration, as indicating the opinion which looks-on-entertain of the measures which Methodism has inaugurated and employed for the salvation of men, and the increase of the Church. It is well known that, so far as is practicable, the other denominations have engrafted many of our methods upon their more ancient and inflexible stock. Our new cloth has been sewed into many an old garment, and, although some rents have been made, the patching has, on the whole, been an improvement, and the

garment has done the better service for it.

It does not require a very long memory to call to mind the strenuous opposition to what were called "new measures,"—such as revival meetings, the "mourner's bench," and revival hymns. The distinction between the modes of procedure practiced by Methodists, and those followed by others, was marked by a broad line, over which there was apparently no crossing. But the success of the former, together with the influx of converts who flow over into other churches, has awakened a new zeal, and kindled the fires of religious propaganda to the immense benefit of the world, and the increase of all the churches of the land. It is in no invidious spirit that these facts are noted. It is a source of heartfelt gratification that the ranks of evangelical Christendom are recruited, and the number of defenders of the true faith is increased, under whatsoever designation they may choose to enroll themselves.

The matter of apprehension is, not that others are adopting the plans which have proved so successful in our hands, but that there is a somewhat prevalent tendency among us to abandon them. While others become more flexible, we are growing more stiff. We are building up a stronger ecclesiasticism, and becoming restive under the system which the fathers left us as their most valued legacy. We aspire to the independence of churches, while the Independents long for a system of supervision having the old efficiency of our episcopacy and presiding eldership.

About a year ago, Dr. John Hall, the leading Presbyterian clergyman of New York, published a letter describing a system of ecclesiastical supervision which he would have their General Assembly adopt, and which should be even more thorough in the inspection of the several churches and ministers than that prescribed in our Discipline. He set forth his plan in minute detail, extending in a series of prescribed questions, to the church property, as well as church work. Everything pertaining to the parish was to be subjected to examination, for the regularity of worship and of all church operations, and for the information of the whole denomination. He argued for such a plan on account of the uniformity, efficiency, and success which would thereby be realized. The idea is precisely analogous to our presiding eldership, and is, doubtless, founded upon it, as laid down in our book of Discipline. A connectional Church cannot reach its full measure of effectiveness without such a supervision, which serves as a bond of union between the several parts, and keeps them from falling out of the connection.

The so-called independent churches are not practically independent. They have a mutual care over each other, which, while nominally advisory, is practically authoritative. Pastors are settled and unsettled, according to the decisions of councils, quite as much as by the independent action of the parish most intimately concerned. Officers of home missionary societies, or other clergymen who become familiar with the churches within given districts, are as influential in the assignment of pastors to fields of labor, as our Presiding Elders are, although there is no formal authority for this; but it is a felt want of the churches, who gladly avail themselves of the assistance to be derived from the experience and acquaintance with the men and the fields which such persons possess. Yet, notwithstanding the evident advantage which other people see in this part of our system, there is a demand for its abolishment on the part of some among us.

Another "plan" which has given to Methodism much of its power, is the old method of extemporaneous preaching. Others, seeing that this is the true method of preaching, and that success has always attended it in much larger measure than any other method, have begun to leave their manuscripts on entering the pulpit, and to "speak to the people all the words of this life." Who that has listened to Dr. John Hall, or Dr. Sears, the recent President of Brown University, or Dr. Robinson, who now occupies that place,—men worthy to stand beside the princes of the pulpit in this or any land—but regrets that manuscript sermons were ever introduced into the pulpit, hindering the free and impassioned utterances of the sublimest and most inspiring truths? Extemporaneous (not unprepared) preaching has been one of the secrets of our Church's power. The manuscript sermon now occupies its place in many instances, while every class at Andover is earnestly instructed in extemporaneous discourse, and urged to practise it.

Whatever gives the Church its power and efficiency, ought to be most carefully guarded. If we have no mission distinct from that of other denominations, let us fall into their ways, and abandon whatever has given us a distinction. Sects should be abolished if sects have no special mission. To adopt the ways which others have proved to be inefficient, or to abandon those which we have proved to be "mighty through God," would be folly. If our peculiarities are our power, let them by all means be preserved in their integrity. Practice with implements is the way to the perfection of skill in their use. A blacksmith would make sorry work at cabinet-making with anvil, sledge, and file; or a ship carpenter in using the implements of his trade at the shoemaker's bench. What one knows how to use, that is the proper thing to put his hand to.

The methods that have filled our own and other churches with converts, and which have been blessed to our personal salvation, are those which we can best use, and they cannot be surpassed by any others. To be content is one of the best preparations for successful effort; and he who loves his Church, and rejoices in the salvation which it has brought him, has the greatest of all incentives to employ in its service the measures which have made it the means of good to him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES IN A BUGGY.

BY REV. M. V. B. KNOX.

Two of us, Oct. 31, left Lawrence, Kansas, with a horse and buggy, to visit some friends in Osborn County, and to have a long drive through the State for our own gratification. The distance from Lawrence to Corinth, where our friends live, is two hundred and twenty-five miles. Our route was up the Kansas River Valley to Solomon City, thence up the Solomon River to the Forks, at Cawker City, and Corinth is six miles west of this. After a short stop with the Kenyons—our friends—they got up a buffalo hunt; two teams loaded with feed and provisions, and five men composing the party. In this way we went a hundred miles farther west, fifty miles before the last white habitation on the south fork of the Solomon. On our return from Corinth we deflected to the north of our route up the river, passing through Waterville, and again touching our former road at Louisville, two days above Topeka.

The journey occupied six weeks, including two weeks spent in visiting, and some business transactions. During these six weeks we saw what would possibly have made a New England man, who has never seen the west, half crazed with delight; such broad expanse of valley and prairie; such fields of standing corn, and green fall wheat; such vast possibilities as were constantly surprising us. The Kansas River bottom, from three to ten miles wide, is generally conceded to be among the very best in the world for corn. Its harvest this season has been by the millions of bushels; its average height this year I estimated was full twelve feet. The course of the railroad through it, where it often occurred, mile after mile with the corn close to the track, seemed like a passage through a short second growth of timber. Up such a valley we went a hundred and thirty-five miles, and then a hundred up the Solomon, which was even more beautiful, if it was not as productive. In the lower part of the State the wheat crop was a complete failure, but in the middle and western there was a fair yield.

O, but it was delicious camping out, the pleasant Kansas autumn nights. An army shelter-tent was our house, and thick blankets kept us warm. In the later weeks, on our return, a good fire, such as a western camper knows well how to make, added to our coziness. As we slept rabbits would hop around in the dry leaves; owls all night booted a doleful welcome; the loud startling plunge of the beaver would awaken us suddenly, and out on the plains wolves made night hideous with their discordant howlings. Our appetites improved under this mode of life, until the old fears of dyspeptic pains were entirely forgotten. Here is an excellent recipe for overworked, dyspeptic New England preachers—six weeks on the plains. It is warranted to cure in every case. My brother, a dyspeptic, gained twenty pounds, and I, ditto, gained ten.

Such chances for farms, too, as were greeting us through our whole journey. Much land that we saw still lies vacant, while a man with a little means could buy off those already on homesteads, and thus get a farm that is partially improved, and be at the same time where the country is thickly settled, and society good. School-houses and churches were to be seen already up, and those that would be an honor to any farming community where it had been settled but two or three years. Cawker, a town only two years old, has a stone school house that cost five thousand dollars. The Methodist Church is getting a strong foothold through all that northwest part of the State. Presiding Elder Lawrence, of the Salina District, is looking closely after our interests that way. Local preachers in some instances are starting germs of societies, which the regular itinerant goes in to develop. A pleasing fact, constantly impressed on the observer through these frontier sections, is, that the whole country, as fast as settled, is being pre-empted for Jesus.

At Junction City, on the Kansas River, we saw grand terrace formations, surpassing in extent and beauty any ever noticed on the Connecticut River, so famous for that geological phase. Vast quarries of excellent stone for building here crops out of the bluffs. The state capital, at Topeka, is being built of it. Then on the upper Solomon, similar stone was found in abundance—magnesian lime. That on the Solomon was of finer texture, and softer than the Junction City. It is easily cut, after quarrying, into all sizes and shapes, with common cross-cut saws. Farther west than any white man lived, far out on the buffalo range, we found ledges of this stone large enough to build a city. Before coming to this State I had gotten an impression that Kansas had little or no building stone. Now I find it has vast quantities of it. So deep was this impression that Mrs. K. and myself

brought some choice geological specimens we had in Vermont, with us, "because there were no stones in Kansas." On our geological shelf, that I have arranged since my return from the buggy ride, we have a section of a petrified fish's rib, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and six inches long; petrified oyster shell nine inches in diameter, and three eighths of an inch thick; section of petrified eel; stalactites and stalagmites; native chalk; iron pyrites of two pounds weight; moss agates, and lots of other rare and beautiful specimens, too numerous to mention.

The forests in that upper county are mostly cottonwood, and grow only along the streams. One can cross the prairies for many miles, and not come in contact with a single tree. But along the rivers and creeks are fine groves of this, and of elm, oak, and ash. Some of the cottonwood groves were grand. Many of the trees were of vast size. One, on the Black Vermilion Creek, a few miles below Irving, girthed twenty-one feet. It had a long, smooth body, and a top of gigantic proportions.

Game, such as chickens, quails, ducks, rabbits, etc., was shot in abundance, but no buffaloes were found. Though we went far out on the range, they were not there. The Indians had burned off the prairies to drive the buffalo out of the reach of white hunters, but it was in vain. The doomed animals were followed to the headwaters of the Arkansas, and into Texas, and there slaughtered in vast numbers. We had to return, however, without a sight even of that magnificent game.

Returning to Lawrence the 12th of Dec., we felt fully repaid for the time, the wear and tear of our horse and buggy, for we saw what, if written out, would fill volumes.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRMINGHAM, Jan. 13, 1873.

"Napoleon III. is dead." This announcement will have become familiar to the readers of the HERALD several weeks before this communication is printed. Yet as I write, it is full of interest to the people of this country. A peculiarly varied and eventful life is ended, regarded as very successful by some, and as a sad failure by others. Two thirds of his life has been spent in prison or exile, and one third in splendor and French glory. After the terribly disastrous war with Germany, the ex-emperor joined the empress and the young prince, now eighteen years of age, in England. They selected Camden Place, in the quiet village of Chiselmhurst, about eleven miles southeast of London, as a temporary home, and there the illustrious man has just passed away. They have been quiet and dignified in their exile, and seemingly waiting patiently for the wheel of fortune to bring them again to the throne of France. The emperor is said to have been very affable in private life, and was very popular in this country. About one year ago, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, he rode through the Strand amid the deafening shouts of the multitude, and returned the recognition by the blandest smiles and bows. We recognized him in a moment by his striking resemblance to the photographs which are everywhere displayed. His son is connected with the great military school at Woolwich, about six miles from Camden Place, and is being educated with an eye to the crown of France, and the Bonapartist view of success. But the life of the departed has been anything but a success except in the ruin and disgrace of his country. There was outward glitter and inward corruption, apparent wealth, but the balance brought bankruptcy, military parade, but final defeat, and untold sacrifice of life and honor. Not for hundreds of years will "la belle France" recover from the blow. Supreme selfishness was ever the power behind the throne, and nothing was good that did not advance the objects of personal ambition. At one time this man was the dictator of kings, and held the balance of power in Europe. Many would be interpreters of prophecy saw in him the great hero of Scripture, and prophesied without knowing, that he was to revolutionize the world. But the bubble has burst, and it is ascertained that there was nothing but the thinnest shell.

The English papers have variously criticized the life of the emperor, and many of them adopt the old maxim, "nothing but good of the dead." It is claimed that he was the friend of England, and was very good never to have engaged in war with this country. The fact that he entered into treaties which have advanced the trade and wealth of Great Britain, is reason for satisfaction, whatever may have been the policy toward other nations, and there seems to be a universal parody of scripture, "He loved our nation, and hath built us an exchange." But he who inaugurates a causeless war, commits a crime which no financial favors and successes can condone. Though England has grown rich, the blood of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen and Germans cries from the ground.

The English court goes into mourning for the space of ten days, as is customary among crowned heads, and it may interest your readers to know the usual routine in such a case, and I here present the form of command which has been issued for the occasion in the London Gazette:—

Lord Chamberlain's Office, January 11. Orders for the Court's going into mourning on Tuesday next, the 14th instant, for His late Majesty the Emperor Napoleon the Third, namely:—

The ladies to wear black dresses, white

gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments.

The gentlemen to wear black Court dress, with black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the mourning on Tuesday, the 14th instant, namely, The ladies to wear black dresses, with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments, or grey or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments.

The gentlemen to continue the same mourning.

And on Friday, the 24th instant, the Court to go out of mourning.

Only the court goes into mourning when one of the circle of royalty, belonging to another country dies, but when a member of the royal family at home passes away, the entire nation goes on weeds. It was universal here when Prince Albert deceased, and when the Prince of Wales lay at the point of death, a year ago, the ladies by thousands hastened to secure mourning goods, and many of the shops in London disposed of their entire stocks. It was expected that prices would be greatly increased, and hence the haste to provide in advance. But the prince recovered, and the mourning was uncalled for. The dealers, however, reaped a rich harvest. Formal mourning in this country is carried to an extreme which is peculiarly repugnant to the ideas of Republican simplicity. Dumb mourners at funerals are still hired in London by the aristocracy, and a profusion of black plumes, silk handkerchiefs, and scarfs, and all the outward show of grief, are seen almost every day in our streets. Many condemn the parade, but few have the courage to defy the fashion of funerals. It is greatly to the credit of Charles Dickens and Mr. D'Israeli that they have done something to counteract the custom. Mr. Dickens was borne to his resting-place, by his special request, in the simplest manner, and the wife of Mr. D'Israeli was followed to the grave without any badges of grief, except those worn by the immediate friends.

J. B. G.

TO THE QUEEN.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

O loyal to the royal in thyself,
And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—
Wear witness, that rememberable day
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the
Prince

Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life
From halfway down the shadow of the
grave,
Past with thee thro' thy people and their
love,
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions, and long leagues of
man
And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed, and
clime—
Thunderous lightning striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately
heard

A strain to shame us, "Keep you to your-
selves:
So loyal to too costly! Friends—your love
Is but a burthen; loose the bond and go!"
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? Is this, indeed, her
voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougou-
mont

Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has foil'd her since, that she
should speak
So feebly? wealthier—wealthier—hour by
hour!

The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third rate isle half-lost among her
seas?
There rang her voice when the full city
peal'd
Thee and thy Prince! the loyal to their
crown

Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean-empire with her borderless homes
For ever-broadening England, and her
throne
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
Must know not her own greatness: if she
knows

And dearest if we are fall'n!—But thou, my
Queen,
Nor for itself, but thro' thy living love
For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
Sore, except the old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing sense of war with
Soul

Neither that that Gray King, whose name, a
ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped from
mountain peak
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or
him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Mallore's, one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crowning and dethroning: take
withal

Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that
heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours: for some are scared
who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Wavering of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And hence or careless looseners of the faith,
And softness breeding scorn of stable life,
Or cowardice, the child of last for gold,
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or Art with poisonous honey stole from
France

And that which knows, but careful for
itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that
which knows
To its own harm: the goal of this great
world
Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly-
grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-
sense

That saved her many times, not fail—their
fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which
forego
The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away.

WHOLESALE INVITATION.

In these days, when it is considered such a burden by some societies to entertain a ministerial association, or a quarterly meeting, how very refreshing it is to read from a Baptist paper, published at Atlanta, Ga., the residence of Bishop Haven, a notice and invite like this: "Forty-one churches constituting a membership of 3,777 in council. This Georgia Baptist Association; one of the largest bodies in the State, meets at Thompson, McDuffee County, on Friday before the second Sabbath in this month. Accommodations for all, and everybody invited." Certainly our Baptist brethren in Georgia cannot be so poor as has been sometimes represented, or else, as St. Paul says to the Corinthians, "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." "Accommodations for all, and everybody invited." What a splendid ring to that announcement; how Baptist, Methodist, brotherly, Christian, whole-souled, all-embracing, spirit-cheering is such an invitation. Bless

me, what should we say if Skowhegan should issue such a generous invitation for the next session of the Maine Conference. To the ministers of the Maine Conference, effective, local, supernatural, and annointed, with their wives and children; widows of the Conference, and agents of benevolent societies, with as many members of East Maine, and other Conferences as can conveniently come. Wouldn't that be a splendid invitation, and wouldn't we all go, ministers, wives, and children, uncles, aunts, and cousins?—I reckon—the silver ring of Kennebec falls would echo in livelier melody. Now come, Centenary and Congregational on the island, with Baptist on the hill, Christian on the other side, and Universalist in the middle, meet together in holy convale, and prepare and send out just such a liberal invitation as you are capable of issuing; such an one as Maine never listened to before, and if you do not meet with a hearty response by the 7th of May, I will acknowledge myself as I am, a very poor judge of others' feelings.

C. G. M.

Our Book Table.

A LONELY LIFE. A Novel. By J. A. St. John Blythe. T. B. Peterson & Bros. This book ranks above the average of religious fiction. It paints in strong colors a heroic life struggling with a mysterious and depressing early disappointment as to worldly position and fortune, and devoting itself, by a hearty personal consecration, to the most self-denying ministry of the Word, and to exacting pastoral labors. It is a sad book, in some respects, but clearly illustrates the power of the gospel to cause the "light affliction, which is but for a moment, to work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE. A Year-book of Scripture Texts. By G. Washington Moon. With an Introduction by Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler. Boston: Shepard & Gill. This is an imposing title-page for so small a volume. It is, however, worthy of it. It surpasses all the manuals of daily scripture that we have seen. Every day has its searching spiritual question, with an appropriate response from the Bible, and a corresponding blank for pencil remarks and suggestions. It is a capital little volume for the chamber, and for hours of meditation.

SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS. By Uncle Willis. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. This volume is, as it should be, a very handsome small quarto, crowded with taking illustrations, and filled with short poems, illustrating the earliest and latest of life, from some of the best pens of the present generation. The selections are generally fresh, and made with good taste; they will be heartily welcomed in the nursery by the adult reader, and the baby listeners.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. Edited by Rev. Edward Eggleston, D. D., and a Committee of Clergymen and Laymen, and published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago, has entered on its eighth volume. Its seventh volume is now bound, and makes a valuable compendium of thoughts, illustrations, and practical lessons, for Sunday school teachers. It is one of the best periodicals in the country for the object to which it is devoted.

QUEENS. By E. B. Emery. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Familiar queenly names appear in the index of this volume, such as Elizabeth, Catherine, Anne, and Margaret; but these names do not represent ancient occupants of thrones. These are modern queens; not of society, indeed, but of ordinary family circles. It is a story of modern times, discussing modern views of woman's position, and illustrating both the bright and the shady side of modern married life.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia (for sale by Nichols & Hall, Boston), publish MARIE D'ERVILLE, a story of a French boarding-school, translated from the French of Madame de La Fayette, by Mary S. Wells; and also AN OUPHIA, or OUPHIA DOMINION: Her Trials and Travels, embracing a History of Her Life, taken Principally from her Journals and Letters. By Lumina Silvervale. In the form of a story, the missionary enterprise, especially among the Chinese, is illustrated. It is a tale with a purpose, and is written, as expressed, with an evident desire "to do good."

Collins & Brother, New York, issue a little square volume, entitled, TEACHINGS OF JESUS, containing selected quotations from the New Testament of special and precious lessons that dropped from the lips of the Lord Jesus.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN HIS TEMPLE. By C. J. Vaughan, D. D. Strahan & Co., London. Routledge & Sons, New York. 16mo., 300 pp. This small volume contains fifteen discourses, several of them occasional and largely delivered on their respective occasions, and lastly delivered preached by their eloquent author, who is Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Without effort to be original, these sermons are fresh, and eminently practical.

Henry Hoyt has renewed his juvenile bookstore, lately scorched with fire, and deluged with water. It has been greatly improved in appearance, and is now a very inviting and cheerful saleroom. He has a large number of volumes slightly injured by the fire which he offers at half prices, and an entirely new stock of fresh books upon his shelves. Among his latest issues published, in excellent taste, are, SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS IN KATE'S LIFE. An English story of a faithful boy, who was the instrument of saving his family. NOT FORSAKEN; or, The Old Home in the City. By Agnes Geberne. An illustration of the providence of God succoring and sheltering those that put their trust in Him. RALPH HARDING'S SUCCESS. By the author of "Robert Joy's Victory." This volume contains two good stories—an English and a French tale—the latter, "Margaret Muller," illustrating with touching incidents the late French war. OUR FORTUNE TELLER. Its mates, and What became of Them. By the same author as the above. This is a simple, wholesome family story, very well told, and inculcating in its progress the best of maxims, and breathing a religious spirit.

Alfred Martineau, Philadelphia, publishes an excellent addition to the Sunday-school library, entitled, THE MANTLE OF ELLIOT, by George Lee. It was not the mantle of the prophet Elijah, but it was a good one, nevertheless—the mantle of Rev. Elijah Trowbridge. In how many instances has the example of a godly Puritan father been a prophetic blessing to his family. This volume is a modern story. Its incidents are connected with our civil war. It is full of pathos and piety, and will hold the willing attention of the readers.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Gardner District Ministerial Association, at Oxford, Me., Feb. 17-20.
Fall River District Conference, at the First Church, Fall River, Feb. 24.
Bookland District Ministerial Association, at Wadsworth, Feb. 26-28.
District Conference, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Bangor, March 4-6.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1873.

THE DISCUSSION UPON UNION.

We have not thus far joined in the general discussion in reference to a union of the divided families of Methodists, going on in all the Methodist papers of the various branches throughout the United States and Canada; neither do we propose to introduce the discussion of it now into our columns. Its last debate was opened by our respected correspondent, Rev. Alexander Clark, in his own paper, *The Methodist Recorder*, in a catholic-spirited article, calling upon Dr. Curry by name, and other editors for a response upon their part. The doctor's article in answer, was a general and philosophical consideration of the whole subject in all its bearings, with rather a strong presentation of the difficulties involved in an attempt to secure an organic union between all the larger and smaller bodies of Christians bearing the Methodist name, or holding Arminian tenets of faith, and using its evangelizing modes. The other papers all along the line, have seized upon separate propositions in Dr. Curry's article, and have done brave battle against what they have esteemed his lack of generosity in responding to the proposition of Dr. Clark, and his supposed plan of swallowing up certain smaller branches of the Church; in all this misapprehending him, as he affirms, and no one is in a better condition than himself to interpret his own meaning. All these articles have wound up with expressing strong desires for such an organic or Federal union, and with as strong doubts as to its immediate possibility.

The end we should have anticipated has grown out of the newspaper controversy—the parties in interest have been driven wider apart instead of being drawn nearer together. The same result has followed every effort to secure a union between the English and the Wesleyan churches. The old asperities between the two bodies have quite worn away, and mutual respect and measurable co-operation in some instances have been secured; but whenever the religious press, upon either side, has started the discussion in reference to a possible organic union, the gulf between the two Christian families has been only widened. They work in greater unity of spirit within their own familiar ecclesiastical lines.

The same reasons that urged the union of the two branches of the northern Presbyterian churches, do not so seriously call for the same movement among us; neither is the occasion so favorable in our instance. These two great churches separated upon the same territory, and have constantly worked side by side in the same cities and towns, dividing local churches, and unnecessarily multiplying weak educational institutions. The two great bodies of our Church, significantly known as North and South, were separated at first, by State lines, and local churches were only embarrassed near the line of division. The Church which has since borne no ill to its title, has, as an incident of the late war, gone South, but for the present, at least, ministers to an entirely different class of the community from its sister Church. It does not grow at the expense of the Church South, nor necessarily weaken any of her established institutions. On the other hand, in the natural competition of earnest laborers, greater vigor in the work of evangelization and Christian culture, is doubtless called forth. The occasion for separation is still too fresh in the memory of living participants in it, and the estrangement of fraternal feeling has been too lately exasperated by a national struggle, to admit of a calm and Christian consideration of all the possible advantages to arise from a reunion, and to secure social fraternity and harmony in evangelical enterprises. Time and grace have a work to accomplish; and they only, with a special common Pentecost, can bring about an harmonious union, requiring many sacrifices, on both sides, of prejudice, feeling, and favorite forms of discipline. We must live together, and work side by side for years, as the old and new school men did, before we shall understand each other, and be divinely fused together.

We do sincerely fear that many of the active laborers in the smaller branches of the Church, long familiar with entirely different forms of Church government and modes of religious operation, and in some instances administering to particular classes of society, would not enlarge their opportunities for usefulness, or find themselves as much at home in the new modes of work, and the unfamiliar plan of distributing the gifts of the ministry. It is only in a limited portion of the country that the different Methodist organizations in any wise limit each other's fields of labor, or minister to congregations that would find equally eligible houses of worship, and opportunities for Christian service in other churches of a common name and faith. As in the natural enlargement of these younger churches, and the

stant approach of the mother Church towards them, the importance of union and its practicability are equally developed, the Providence of God will doubtless give unmistakable intimations that such a result has the Divine sanction, and it will be readily and harmoniously reached when that time comes. Thus the Presbyterian churches came together, almost as the kingdom of heaven began to be established upon earth, "without observation."

The cultivation of Christian courtesy, a mutual forbearance and interchange of fraternal services, a hearty co-operation in all great public reforms and charities will gradually prepare the way for a true and permanent consolidation, if such be the will of God concerning us. The closest spiritual union of Protestantism, or of Methodism, is possible, with even the eleven distinct families of the latter which our brethren of *The Methodist* esteem such a shame to us all. We have feared that the triumphant battle-cry of an "ecumenical Methodism," has more of the human than of the divine element in it. The depth of a Church's piety is not always to be measured by the breadth of its denominational expansion, as is only too painfully illustrated by the Roman Church. It is well to watch the signs of the times, and labor wisely to the closest Christian unity; but God giveth to the Christian Church "a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every (branch of it) his own body."

EUROPEAN NOTES.

The Russo-Greek Church is showing of late, a remarkable degree of interest in the ecclesiastical movements of the occidental churches, in contradistinction to the apathy and isolation which have characterized it for so many years. It seems quite inclined of late to mingle in the controversies of the German churches, and in this sense we notice a recent "Letter" from a layman of the Orthodox Russian Church to Döllinger, the originator of the "Old Catholic" movement. The spirit is above all one of reconciliation, and the fervent Greek Catholic would extend to the German champion the hand of friendship for common labor in the vineyard of the Lord. But, like the English Church, the Russian says to the Germans, come over to us, and we will labor together; we have the truth and the principle of life, but we are poor in the life of the Spirit. You have experience, knowledge, endurance, and that power which has been strengthened by labor, but you fail in the truth. Only by our united strength can we gain that full life needed by us both for the full creative power of truth. This sounds at least a little more Christian-like than the anathemas of the Romanists, and may have some little influence in inducing the Germans to read the translations of a few Russian ecclesiastical books now being published in Germany; but men like Döllinger and his co-workers know a little too much to go over to Russia or England.

The result of the last Prussian crisis in the withdrawal of Bismarck from the premiership of the home cabinet is now being perfectly understood, and it is by no means a retreat from the feudalists, or the Jesuits. On the contrary, it is giving up the smaller sphere, to be the better able to control the whole empire in the Prussian spirit. And it is no retreat in any sense of the word, for his opponents are completely floored, and the warrior is simply moving off to other fields of conquest. Prussian feudalism is placed on the retired list, and the hereditary House of Lords is preparing to die out speedily, while the Jesuits are pretty well cleared out of North Germany. Many of them requested to be named in their passports as "literary men," but the government objected on the ground that they would soon be returning under this banner, and they are sent on their travels as members of the Society of Jesus, so that all men may know them. And this petition has enabled the astute premier to shoot a Partisan arrow at his annoyances of the press, for he informs them that the Jesuits are about to don their mantles where possible; and that he may distinguish them apart he bids all legitimate *litterateurs* to show their colors, and be enrolled as such in the localities where they belong. The wasps of the ultramontane and the extreme radical press have been stinging him for some time, and he is now inclined to have them on record for reference.

It is rather an interesting fact, that though England discovered the ancient Indian world, and France was the first to make it generally known, that it has been reserved to Germany to penetrate the rich mine of Indian lore, and work the ore into the purest metal. Some of the greatest scholars of Germany are to be found among the "Indians" of the country. A few of the forerunners, like Schlegel and Bopp, have passed away, but there are still whole constellations of brilliant stars remaining who are as celebrated on account of their learning as of their system of imparting it. Among the grand-masters of the order still living, we may name Brockhaus, and Stenzler, and among the privates, Roth, Weber, Max Müller, Gildemeister, and a numerous phalanx of their scholars, who form a sort of learned militia of oriental science. Among these, Weber, of Berlin, is famous for his genial, gentlemanly manners, and the charm which he casts about the dry studies. He talks to his pupils from his desk in the kindly terms of a father, and one cannot sit at his feet many months without loving him and his study. And then of "winter evenings he has 'Sanscrit teas' at his home, to which

borers are invited, and there one may meet with scholars who will take old-Indian rituals and fluently translate them into German; some of these men while in the war were in the habit of writing Sanscrit letters home as a pastime of the camp!

Compare these monuments of learning with such frothy babblers as the French journalist, About, who has recently published his account of Alsace in 1872. He was among the first to help raise the hue and cry of "On to Berlin," and followed the army as war correspondent to the emperor, but he soon got lost somewhere, disappeared for a time, and when peace was declared, turned up in Alsace as engaged in stirring up citizen and peasant to trouble the new government. He succeeded in getting himself after the style of the famous "George Francis," put into the "lock-up," and from there he bawled louder than ever for his dear France to come and deliver him, which the latter declined to do. About then wrote his famous book, in which he has not a word to say about the deep marks of German spirit and German learning still everywhere to be found in Alsace, but goes off in a sort of drunken brawl as to the cruelties practiced by the Germans towards the natives of the Provinces and especially the few who happen to speak French. He tells of the brave deeds of the hater of the German conquerors in making fists at them with their hands in their pockets, and cutting capers, and making faces, while their enemies' backs were turned, and treats the whole story in the irresponsible and reckless manner in which a few years since he caricatured Greece and Rome in his letters, and received in return, we believe, from both places notice to "move on," as the police say.

BOOK ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

We fear that the large provision made by the Sunday-school department of the Church for the instruction of the children, is hardly known by the great proportion of the officers of our schools. For the present international series of lessons, in addition to the Lesson Leaf, the Agents at New York, Messrs. Nelson & Phillips issue "The Berean Question Book," with maps, additional responsive Scripture lessons, with special lessons upon all the subjects discussed, with appropriate hymns, and the first bar of the music of forty tunes, — fairly a S. S. Lesson Encyclopedia. They also publish in a cheap form, "The Lesson Compend," by Rev. G. H. Whitney, A. M., — a duodecimo of over a hundred pages, containing a carefully condensed commentary upon all the Scriptures involved in the lessons for 1873, — an admirable manual within the means of nearly every teacher at least, in the Sunday-school.

One of the happiest devices for the infant department is the "Leaf Cluster," a series of illustrated lessons for little children, to be hung up before the class. These are on the same subjects as the Berean Lessons. They are printed in large type, and illustrated with striking pictures. Every infant class teacher will feel grateful for them.

The Union has issued in a handsome form, George Lansing Taylor's admirable address, entitled "The Sunday-School Axe," and a charming little volume for quite young readers, called "Tender Grapes for Little Lips."

Among the latest books issued from this department of the "Concern," are "The Story of the Nile," a capital condensation of the incidents related by the late travelers Bruce, Speke, Grant, and Baker, in their exploring expeditions in the Nile valley and among its tributaries. A box of six handsome little volumes, well illustrated, and bearing the taking title of "Aunt Lee's Library." These little books are filled with short stories pleasant to read, and teaching excellent lessons of conduct. For the young people, the Agents have published an admirable life of the Dutch Washington, William of Orange. He was known, on account of his reticence, as the "Silent Prince." This interesting volume is entitled "William the Taciturn." It is a translation from the French by Prof. J. P. Lacroix, and for the young people is worth a hundred religious tales, while it is much more entertaining than most of them.

The two volumes of poetic compilations, by Mrs. J. P. Newman, are admirable every way. Their mechanical execution is complimentary to the skill of the publishing department of the book room. They form two elegantly executed small quartos, of 200 pages. One is entitled, "Dewdrops and Sunshine," and the other, "Mother, Home, Heaven." The selections are made with fine taste, and will bring sunshine into many homes, kissing off the dewdrops from drooping eyelids, as memory dwells upon the mother in heaven. All these and many others are for sale at the Boston Depository of Mr. James P. Magee.

RECORD OF CRIME IN BOSTON.

Detailed statistics are a modern institution. How much? and what? are questions forever before our statesmen and philanthropists. They interest all who make the human race a subject of study. Hence, we have statistics of every imaginable kind, from the huge accumulations of the United States census, down to the number of Webster's spelling books sold within the last forty years.

Not the least important and suggestive of these statistics, are the reports which are annually given by the various cities, of the crimes committed within the limits of these respective municipalities.

The reports of the city of Boston for many years have been models in respect to the care, and particularly with which the information has been collected and collated. The Report of the year 1872 will be found to be not less carefully prepared than those that have preceded it. During the year just closed, there were 14,537 commitments to the City Prison, being an average of nearly 40 for each of the 366 days of the year; and this, be it remembered, is the number of those who have been regularly committed, and does not include temporary arrests and detentions, nor does it include the unknown crimes, or rather, the number of criminals who have succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police. Of this vast number, 11,248 were males, and 3,289 females; an average of almost ten females for every day in the whole year, who have crossed the threshold of the city prison for crimes committed against the peace of the community. What a sad and woful sight if all these were brought together in one company, and not less sad to see the never-ceasing procession of sinning women going to receive the punishment due their crimes. The most beautiful thing in the world is a little girl-baby; there is no being that seems to walk so near the line where the angels become visible to mortal sense; and here are these 3,289 who once were as pure and beautiful as aught that can be found on earth. Ah, what folly, what weakness, what sin there must have been before this terrible result has been reached! And what struggles with temptation, what resistance of soul and spirit, what tears and heartaches have all been known before the depths have been reached! Three thousand and more that might have been walking this green earth, robed in white, and fit for heaven, are wading through mire, with garments torn and soiled, sinking deeper and deeper at every step, until, with a cry of agony, or a sigh of despair, they pass out of sight, and enter the darkness of a night that will know no dawning.

Almost fifteen thousand commitments, and three fourths of them might have been avoided. Yes, it is an unquestionable fact that three fourths of all the crimes for which these persons were arrested, might have been easily prevented. And hence society is itself responsible. The known and acknowledged cause of crime is tolerated by the city of Boston. The people tolerate it, the churches tolerate it, the mayor tolerates it, and the police and city government tolerate it. Officials sworn to execute the laws, connive with those who are actively engaged in furnishing our courts with business, and our jail with convicts. In proof of this, let it be observed that of these commitments, 348 were as common drunkards; 9,307 for drunkenness; 61 for delirium tremens; or a total of 9,710 committed for drunkenness in some of its forms. It will still further be observed that many more of the crimes were evidently perpetrated by persons when under the influence of liquor, so that it is a reasonable conclusion to suppose that if rum-selling had been prohibited and suppressed, the record of crime would have been only one fourth what it has been. Adam and Eve were inexorable for their sin; but as much worse as the tempter is worse than the tempted, as much worse as the devil was worse than our first parents, so much worse is the rum-seller than the victims of appetite; and yet this infamous blot is permitted to exist in the good city of Boston. An indignant and outraged community ought to rise in the majesty of its power, and crush the accursed traffic with a single blow. Every pulpit and every newspaper ought to voice the execration of all good men and women, until the infamous men who are making gain of the tears and sorrows of thousands, who are blasting unnumbered homes, and undermining the foundations of prosperity, are relegated to the ranks of the vilest criminals, and the worst enemies of the human race.

There is still another view of this record of crime of vast significance to the thoughtful. It appears that 8,478 of those committed were foreign born, leaving 6,059 of American parentage. But any person who has given attention to the subject, knows very well that a very large proportion of those claiming American parentage, are simply American born, while their parents are foreign born. It is a notorious fact that not less than three fourths of our Boston paupers and criminals are of Irish birth or extraction and members in good and regular standing of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is also more than probable that the same proportion will very nearly hold good with regard to the three thousand rum-sellers of the city of Boston. Now let us suppose that these facts were true of the Baptist or Methodist Church, and what a howl of indignation would resound from one end of the Commonwealth to the other, and justly, too; for men would properly say that there must be something the matter with a system of religious teaching, and with a set of religious teachers, producing such results as these. But in the case before us, we behold a close, compact, ecclesiastical organization, obedient to the dictates of a foreign despot, who is himself an intense hater of republics, and of Protestantism, who has the greatest faith in the machinery of the inquisition; and grim old giant as he is, only needs the power to re-enact the terrors of the *Auto de fe*. This organization under such a master, has votes to sell, and there are men mean and dastardly enough to buy them, and so they have a certain political power and importance. Given, what is conceded by all, that

the Roman Catholic Church vote in harmony with the wishes of the priesthood, then the priesthood are the responsible parties, and voting as they do, with the rum interest, under whose dictation the city of Boston has been ruled for the last ten years, we charge them with the results of their action, and hold them responsible for at least three fourths of the crime committed in our city. This charge is still further seen to be just when we remember the spiritual tyranny exercised by the priesthood.

Power always implies responsibility, and there is no question as to the power that is possessed by the priests. The confessional, the power of the keys, the pulpit, and the sectarian schools scattered throughout the city, leave no doubt in regard to this matter. They need not attempt to shirk the responsibility, nor cast the odium on any one else, they must accept the one and endure the other. What is true of this city, is true of a score more of cities in this country; the same effects are traceable to the same causes; there can be no doubt as to their natural and legitimate connection. They have been studied for years, and they are as certain and invariable as the courses of the planets. We have ceased to expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. There must be a radical change in the teachings of the Roman Church before other fruits can be rightfully expected.

It is a most reasonable thing that the American people should demand a change, in fact, a revolution in these matters. The greatest freedom has been allowed to all to enjoy the country and its institutions, and not to blast the one and destroy the other. Our institutions have been bought at too dear a price. From the village-green of Lexington, to the blue waters of the Appomattox, too much patriotic blood has been freely poured out for the redemption of our land and liberties, to allow the American people to submit to the domination of pope or Jesuit. Our demand is, that, for the future, the Roman Church shall purge itself of these peculiarities which result in this fearfully undue percentage of crime, and that until it does so, it shall at least, cease to meddle with our political rights and privileges; and, above all, keep its hands off our common schools, and make no further attempts against the reading of God's Word by all the children.

We are forewarned is to be forearmed. We are grateful for these statistics. We do not look upon them as Cassandra-like prophecies of inevitable doom. United, prayerful effort will yet save us and our fair heritage. The nation need not sink in the depths of drunkenness, nor wear the yoke of superstition. But safety for the future demands incessant vigilance, and the most zealous labor. God and the good are on our side; a groping, waiting world prays for our success; the generations to come will bless or curse us, as we shall be true or false to the high trusts committed to our keeping.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY REV. DANIEL BUTLER.

At a meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, held at Worcester, in July 1870, a paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, on the Bible in the Public Schools. Delivered to a select audience at one of the sessions of the Institute, and printed among its proceedings, it has been known to few, and has failed to attract the notice it deserves for the very great ability with which it discusses one of the living questions of the hour. To some of the arguments here urged in favor of retaining the Bible in our schools, we propose to call the attention of our readers.

The essay pleads for the continuance of the Bible in schools for its historical value. "There are important portions of the world's history, of which the Bible is the only manual. The Jewish people have exercised an influence on mankind far exceeding that of all other ancient nations, and, outside of the Bible, how scanty and fragmentary is all that can be known or taught concerning this people." Christianity has vitally affected the character and condition of mankind. "Shall our children be forbidden to learn what Christianity is in its own universally acknowledged manual?" Jesus Christ has exerted an influence in our world possessed by no other personage, and to ignore or overlook him is a foolish and stupid mutilation of history. Still further, we need the Bible in our schools for its essential aid in the formation of any satisfactory system of moral philosophy. We need it for its aid in the culture of the taste and imagination in literature furnished by its poetry; "by the parables of our Saviour, by St. Paul's description of charity, his sublime chapter on the resurrection, the glorious visions of the Apocalypse, and many portions of sacred writ which transcend all other literature equally in the glow and fervor of their God-breathed thoughts, and in the sweetness, majesty, and grandeur of their diction."

Want of space forbids a further enumeration of the reasons set forth in the essay for retaining the Bible in our schools. Two classes oppose their introduction, namely, infidels and Roman Catholics. Our author thinks that as to the first every intelligent infidel will desire to have his children acquainted with the prevailing religion, while many of this class admit the purity and excellence of the Saviour's spirit and life, and the unapproachable morality of the New Testament.

The allegation of the Roman Catholics, that ours is a sectarian version, he disproves, by showing that the version was made before any of the dogmas of the Church of Rome, except the pope's supremacy, had been called in question by English ecclesiastics. Versions prior to the date of Anti-Romanist opinions were the basis from which our own was made. Some Protestants have complained of it indeed as leaning in some places towards the papal hierarchy, but they cheerfully accepted it, nevertheless, for its general fidelity to the original. Roman Catholics, eminent for their learning, have pronounced it the most accurate and unexceptionable of all existing versions, and a Catholic priest who endeavored for years to exclude the Bible from the schools of this city, acknowledged that his opposition did not arise from the version, which he considered a good one, but from the expressed dislike of the version abroad, and especially at Rome. We are thus called upon to give up a usage sacredly cherished for centuries, that the Roman Church in this country may stand well at Rome!

Our author does not advise the substitution of the Douay Bible for the received version, since this is not a translation of the Scriptures, but is a translation of a translation of which a pope has said that it contains many dangerous errors. Its English is very poor, and often obscure; and further, nothing would be gained by so doing, since it is manifest that the Roman Catholic Church does not intend to be satisfied with anything short of the exclusive possession of a portion of the funds appropriated to our schools. When they succeed in their endeavor, our system of public education, so long our pride and security, will be overthrown.

After some brief suggestions of the way in which the Scriptures should be used in the devotional exercises of the schools, our author urges, "that the teacher be not only permitted, but expected, instructed, and encouraged, to make free use of the Bible for any and every purpose for which he may find it availing for instruction in history, literature, morals, and the fundamental truths of religion; that it be a reference book, a standard work, a recognized authority in the school. That as the teacher has recourse to all other books within his reach for such help as they may furnish him in teaching, so should he have especial recourse to that exhaustless manual of knowledge, human and divine, for whatever knowledge and wisdom he can draw from it for the pupils under his charge."

We have here given, very imperfectly, the substance of an address which we would fain see going forth from his hiding-place, to the homes of all who see in the general diffusion of intelligence, inspired and controlled by pure religion, the safety and real progress of the State. We cannot more fittingly close this article than in the concluding words of the address:—

"The Bible has been civilized man's chief educator. Heaven forbid that under foreign dictation, and against the sound judgment of our people, we should take the retrograde step now demanded of us towards the barbarism from which the Bible alone has rescued us."

Our Congregational brethren, and sisters also, entered into their new "courts" with songs of joy upon their lips, on last Wednesday. In bringing forth the top-stone of their great enterprise, they could hardly shout, "grace, grace unto it!" for with the new wood- additions to the lower story, the noble and substantial stone-pile is made to bear anything rather than a graceful architectural appearance. But within, everything is convenient, and admirably adapted to Church purposes. Here all the leading Congregational societies will have their centres. The beautiful "Pilgrim Hall," in the third story, will seat five hundred persons. The finest feature, however, of the building is the unfinished fire-proof library-room, well lighted and ventilated, and capable of holding 100,000 volumes. A library of peculiar historical and denominational value, amounting to 15,000 volumes, has already been collected.

The hall was crowded at the dedication. Our happy brethren of the Calvinistic wing, came almost up to the Methodist standard of cheerful self-assertion, that the world is largely to be sanctified and saved by their instrumentalities. They alone, or chiefly, are to fight out the great Armageddon battle against Romanism and rationalism. God bless you, brethren; "go in and win!" We will follow, at least, hard behind you, and pick up the wounded and the stragglers.

We have so long enjoyed the convenient and handsome "head-quarters" of our Church upon Bromfield Street, that we can heartily sympathize with our friends in their present exalted state of mind. The speakers of the occasion were Hon. E. S. Tobey, Dr. Buddington, of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Dr. Dexter, who presented several very interesting memorials of the Pilgrims brought from England, and others who made happy addresses. The occasion was one of much general interest. The building is situated on the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets.

Henry Wilson will not be known in history as the "Great Senator" of Massachusetts; there are two or three other names that will doubtless contend with each other for this prize on account of their breadth of intellect, and culture, and their great forensic power; but no one of the honor^{ed} has been truer to his State and country, or been

more indefatigable in service, than the man who lays off his senatorial robes the present month, to become the second person in honor in the Republic. It ought not to be considered a signal virtue for a Senator to have an unblemished moral reputation; but unfortunately it is, and it is all the more honorable to our Massachusetts statesman that he sends back to his Legislature his official resignation without a blot upon his character, during all the years that he has held his conspicuous seat. He went to Congress comparatively a poor man, positively a moral man, of pronounced temperance principles, and an ardent friend of the oppressed and laboring classes in the community. He leaves his present for a higher seat, as poor as when he went to Congress, although he has enjoyed the same questionable opportunities, of which other senators have availed themselves to accumulate large wealth; no slander ever has charged him with immoralities; one of his last acts has been a movement in the interest of temperance, and he is not ashamed, when the proper hour for open confession comes, to acknowledge his Christian discipleship. Faithful during the long and terrible anti-slavery debate in Congress, faithful, energetic, and hopeful during all the dark fortunes of the late civil war, faithful amid all the demoralization that has followed it, now that he retires from the place that he has honored to receive the reward of an appreciating and grateful people, we of his immediate constituency may properly say and pray, God bless Henry Wilson.

We were never more impressed with Dr. Stevens' theory of the "priesthood of the people" than in a late visit to the studio of the well-known artist, our excellent brother, Mr. George L. Brown. His endowment from God is the marvelous power of reproducing nature upon the canvas with his brush. For this work he has been "separated," as was Paul and Barnabas. It is his "mission," given him to fulfill, by and for the Master, glorifying Him in the illustrious talent bestowed, in the influence of its creations upon the hearts and homes of those that hang his pictures upon their walls, and in the income from their sale above his daily wants. His communion with the Saviour heightens his natural gifts, and adds to his enjoyment of his self-rewarding profession. We do not wonder that the artist somewhat reluctantly sends forth from his rooms these children of his brain and hand, upon whom he has expended the most loving and conscientious labor for many weeks.

The striking feature of Mr. Brown's work, next to that mark of his inimitable genius which gives his pictures their distinctive character, enabling one familiar with them to distinguish them at sight in a gallery of other paintings, is his patient striving for perfection in their smallest details, which require a glass even to bring out their high excellence, and will bear the severest scrutiny. Mr. Brown's prices for his great Italian pictures, bringing Naples and its wonderful bay, with the unsurpassed atmosphere, and unapproached water, its charming city and country scenery and fascinating general effect, are very small, compared with those demanded by most painters of the day of even far less reputation or ability. One of these, hung upon the home walls, is a constant educator of the highest intellectual faculties. It does not cost as much as the gay upholstery of modern parlors, but it glorifies a room as nothing else human can. With such a picture, the eye would not wander to notice the style of the wall-paper, or the character of the furniture.

We hope sometime to present to our readers the strange path, through the symbols of the Roman Catholic Church in Rome itself, by which our friend was led to faith in the Lord Jesus, and to the peace of the gospel; and to relate how he was repelled by the follies and superstitions of this fallen Church, and finally brought into the light and liberty of evangelical Protestantism.

Two very fine pictures of Mr. Brown's are now on exhibition at Williams & Everett's, on Washington Street, and a number more are gradually approaching completion in his studio in South Boston. We advise our readers, such as have the time, to see and study them.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

An editorial in a late number of *The Christian Advocate*, upon the ministers' library, quite unqualifyingly banishes from the shelves of all books of sermons as useless lumber. Of the great body of this kind of literature, an expurgation would be no serious loss. There are certain sermon-writers, however, whose discourses, while they cannot safely be imitated, or used bodily by unscrupulous preachers, are eminently suggestive, and constantly start in the minds of their readers fresh lines of thought. Such preachers, for instance, as Robertson, Bushnell, Bishop Huntington, Stopford A. Brooke, and others of modern ministers. Eminent- ly of this class is Henry Ward Beecher. There are no published sermons extant so fresh, so varied, so pertinent to the providential events of the day, so replete with natural and spiritual life, and so provocative of thought to the reader as the seven volumes of sermons now collected and bound—the weekly issues from the press of J. B. Ford & Co. It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Beecher in his interpretation of doctrine, or in his application of it to daily life, to be greatly profited intellectually and spiritually by his very animated and wonderfully illustrated discourses. They are without a parallel in variety and vivacity.

In *The Minnesota Teacher* for January, the leading article is a very able plea for a national university by Prof. W. C. Sawyer, of the University of Minnesota. The cultivated writer shows an intelligent appreciation of the great and important work accomplished by our small colleges distributed widely over the land; but clearly demonstrates the call now for the largest opportunities to secure professional instruction on the part of graduates from these institutions. He thinks the hour has come when American students should be able to find one institution, at least, in their own country, where an elaborate and varied series of lectures upon all branches of human learning, are given as are sought for now in European institutions by hundreds of our young scholars; and that as valuable scientific and literary collections should be gathered together in some great central university. Professor Sawyer thinks this is properly a governmental work; that it should be established and endowed by Congress, as is West Point, and Annapolis, and the various Agricultural Colleges. He thinks our professional teachers, our law professors, our leading engineers, and our first chemists should have as favorable an opportunity to secure the highest education, as our soldiers, sailors, and farmers. A national institution of this kind would be a proper complement of our public system of education and raise the standard of culture in all State and denominational colleges.

The New York Correspondent of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* (Church South) reminds us of the traditional Irishman who sighed over the quiet of the streets, and pined for a riot, calling earnestly for some one to throw the first brick. He has two or three times gasconaded in print in reference to *ZION'S HERALD*; but with all his volubility and violence, we have been more amused than disturbed by his criticism. The last tirade is such a singular mixture of weak assertion, self-conceit, impertinence and blasphemy, that we can only wonder at the equanimity of the editor and readers of the paper in patiently submitting to such periodical indictments. The human soul that could be won from his error and unbelief, in Boston, or anywhere else, by such a gospel as this writer preaches, would be a marvel to men and angels!

One of our city pastors, whenever a person in his congregation expresses a desire to find the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour, or kneels at the altar for prayers, is accustomed to place in the person's hand an excellent tract, full of plain, practical, and scriptural directions, prepared by Dr. Johnson, of the Wesleyan connection, printed at our Book Room, clearly pointing out, in comprehensive sentences, the plan of salvation, with its conditions, promises, and evidences, and advises a careful and prayerful perusal of it. In this way, thorough and satisfactory conversions may be rationally hoped for.

For political and general intelligence, and very valuable statistics, no portable annual volume compares with the *Tribune Almanac*. Its well-earned reputation is fully sustained in the issue for 1873; a very good, but not flattering portrait of the honored and lamented founder of the paper which gives name to this annual, with a full biographical sketch of Mr. Greeley's life, is contained in the pamphlet.

The North Congregationalist Church in Lynn opens its church parlor on the Sabbath during the hours not devoted to public service. With reading appropriate for the day provided in such rooms, what better opportunity could be devised to win to the shadow and kindly culture of the sanctuary our floating population of young people, whose homes are boarding-houses, who are deprived of domestic and social enjoyment, and have no place but their bare rooms or the streets in which to pass the unoccupied hours of the Sabbath? Let us not forget that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Several of our ministers are accustomed to invite their new members just received on probation, to subscribe at once for *ZION'S HERALD*, as one of the most effectual means to secure a well-rounded and intelligent Christian character, and a lively practical interest in the general work of the Master at home and abroad. A reading disciple, other things being equal, is quite sure to be one of broad Christian views, and of sterling principles. We advise all our pastors to try the experiment.

L. J. Marey, of Philadelphia, has issued a manual of fifty pages, illustrating the character, power, and possibilities of his improved magic lantern. He calls his book "The Sciopticon Manual." With its thousands of plates illustrating all branches of natural science, sacred and secular, may be made an invaluable aid to all instructors of youth. No impressions are so powerful or lasting as those made upon the mind through the eye.

The "Minutes of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1872," are now out, and can be obtained of J. P. Magee. Its tables of statistics are full of suggestion, and are worthy of careful study. Its sketches of departed ministers are replete with touching interest. Every minister will require a copy as a constant hand-book.

There is to be a Select Concert at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, on the 27th inst., for the benefit of the Portuguese sufferers in Boston. The concert will be given by the young ladies of the Seminary, assisted by Wulf Fries, and Mr. Wm. Garrett, of Boston.

A correspondent from Wyoming Seminary and Commercial College, Kingston, Pa., writes: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that this institution has a very large number of students, and that an all-pervading revival is in progress. The next term opens April 8th."

The young people of the Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church have formed themselves into an auxiliary to the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, and already number between seventy-five and eighty members. This is an excellent idea, and only needs to be announced to be imitated by all our churches.

The engraving of "Our Bishops" has been sent to all who are entitled to it up to February 15th. Occasionally the rollers are broken in the mail bags, and the picture destroyed. All who have not received the engraving, please write to the Agent, and it will be forwarded at once.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Mark Trafton gave his new Poem, "In a Birch Canoe," in the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Charlestown, Thursday evening, Feb. 13th, to a large and delighted audience in his own inimitable style. All felt richly repaid with their evening's entertainment.

Dr. John H. Twombly, of the Wisconsin State University, made a flying visit to his Eastern friends last week. He is in fine health and spirits. His institution is enjoying a wholesome prosperity. It is one of the colleges of and for the people, and gathers several hundred students within its classes. The Dr.'s absence is a loss to New England, but a substantial gain to the West.

Dr. Wise is writing a serial in the *Western Christian Advocate*, called "The Story of a wonderful Life." It is a series of pen and ink sketches of such incidents in the life of JOHN WESLEY as will be likely to interest youths in their teens, and give them some perception of the greatness and heroism of that great man's character. The work will, when completed, be published in book form.

The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register and Antiquarian Journal* for February, contains the interesting address of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, made at the annual meeting the present year. This fine discourse sets forth the work of the association already performed, the wide and important field before it, and its claims upon the community. It pictures in eloquent sentences the historic fire of last November. The Society enters upon its twenty-seventh year with renewed vigor and broader plans of usefulness.

We are indebted to the author, Rev. John Cotton Smith, D. D., for a copy of his very able and original discourse before the Annual Convention of the Diocese of New York, upon the "Church's Law of Development, or Different Schools of Opinion in the Church."

Our friend, Rev. George Trask, "still lives." The flames consumed the plates of some of his blasts against tobacco, but have in no measure destroyed his personal courage. They have, if anything, rather inflamed his zeal against the deadly weed, the burning and brewing of which he believes to be so injurious to the bodies and souls of his fellow men. He has issued his January and February number of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, and a new list of very vigorous tracts. Give Brother Trask a hearing, and circulate widely his whole-some literature.

The Washington papers express the hope that Dr. Newman will continue his residence in that city, and are very flattering in their commendations of his labors during his ministry in the Metropolitan Church, and subsequently.

Rev. Jesse Harriman, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed preachers of East Maine Conference, is seriously ill. Brother Harriman is now over 80 years old.

Miss Smiley has been laboring for a fortnight, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Association of Lynn, preaching evenings at the Common Street Methodist Church, and during the Sabbath at different churches in that city. Miss Smiley is a lady apparently about forty, of an intellectual and winning countenance, very modest in address, with a clear, sweet, and persuasive voice. She speaks with perfect freedom, without haste, with remarkably distinct enunciation. Her addresses are logically arranged, descriptive rather than argumentative, scriptural and spiritual, exhibiting those sharp discriminations of moral character, and pertinent applications of truth which were the peculiar mark of Methodist preaching of a former generation. Her sermons feed the heart rather than excite the mind, and fall like the gentle dew upon an audience rather than stir them with a tempest of emotion. Her services have been greatly appreciated by her hearers.

We enjoyed a pleasant call last week from Rev. William Hansford, a respected member of the Wesleyan Church in Canada, now stationed at Stanstead. He has been for several days a guest of C. W. Pierce, esq., of this city. Mr. Hansford is earnestly interested in the establishment of a young ladies academy in Stanstead, an institution greatly needed in that portion of Canada East, and one that he will, doubtless, soon be able to see in successful operation.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WASHINGTON VILLAGE CHURCH.—This young and vigorous Church is about to take a new departure. The late Sarah Baker, of Savin Hill, left a sum of money to build a Methodist church, within three quarters of a mile of her homestead. A very desirable lot of land on Dorchester Avenue, within the required distance, and a rapidly growing population, and not too far from the society's present place of worship, can now be had at a great bargain. This land must be purchased in order to secure the legacy. This society of working people are doing all they can to raise the money. They cannot accomplish it alone, and appeal to their brethren for aid. Help now from those who love Methodism, and desire to see it spread and cover the land, will assist in building a new Methodist church, and greatly multiply our facilities to save souls, and build up the church of Christ in this part of our city. Brethren, pray for us, and like Cornelius of blessed memory, let your gifts accompany your prayers.

MAINE ITEMS.

A good religious interest is now prevailing in Auburn, in all the evangelical churches. At the Court Street Baptist Church, thirty or more have been at the altar at one time for the prayers of the Church, and the interest is steadily increasing, as our informant reports. The influence upon the community is extensive and salutary, and the courage of Christian people are greatly increased. The Methodist parish is enjoying the efficient labors of Rev. Francis Grosvenor for the present year. Mr. Grosvenor is doing excellent service for the Church. The north parish under the care of Rev. Mr. True, is flourishing as we learn. Success to them.

The Free Baptist Church of Westford have extended a call to Rev. Mr. Morey, of Bates College, to become their pastor. This is considered an excellent opening for the reverend gentleman who he incline to accept the invitation, which we understand he does not, preferring to remain at his post in the college, where he is very popular and much beloved.

A correspondent from Calais informs us that a remarkable work of grace is now in progress in that place. Large numbers have been converted and reclaimed, and the prospect is fair for a more extensive spread of evangelical piety than that region of country has witnessed for a long time. All denominations seem to share in the good work, and to labor harmoniously for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. Such a state of things is certainly a matter of great rejoicing. To God be all the praise.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Clifford, pastor of the Methodist Church at West Waterville, recently made him a "donation," at which time there was a large gathering and a grand time. The receipts of the evening we have not learned, but from our knowledge of the people, we have no doubt the "thing" was well "done up." We have no great pity for the reverend gentleman under the circumstances—he deserved it, and more too. The parish is prospering. Some conversions.

Things are moving on pleasantly on Mercer and Norridgewock Circuits. Rev. Mr. Evans, the present pastor, is laboring all that his somewhat feeble health will admit, greatly to the acceptance of the people of his charge. His parishioners recently gave him a "surprise" in the shape of money and other articles, to the tune of one hundred and sixteen dollars, for which he and his good lady desire us to return their sincere thanks. The religious interest is good, and increasing, especially at Mercer Village. The Congregationalists have been preaching at Mercer the present year. The Baptists have preaching one fourth of the time by Rev. Mr. Bevins, of Norridgewock.

We are happy to report that the health of Mrs. Crockett, wife of Rev. Henry Crockett of the Maine Conference, now stationed at New Portland, is improving, though she is still very feeble. Slight hopes of her recovery have been entertained, and within a few days her sufferings have been contracted and severe, but borne with patience and calm resignation to the will of God. In this trial of her faith she has proved the truth of the sweet declaration of the Saviour, "Lo, I am with you always." We still speak for this afflicted brother and his family the sympathies and prayers of the Church. Nor will we hesitate to add that more substantial tokens of regard would be highly in place at the present time. Brother Crockett's post office address is New Portland, West Village, Maine.

VERMONT ITEMS.

A good religious interest prevails in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rutland. About forty have been converted recently, and the interest still continues.

A gracious revival is also in progress in Richmond. Meetings have been held daily for some time, and as many as forty have been forward seeking Christ at once. The interest is extending to all classes in the community. Rev. H. A. Bushnell, the pastor, is about closing his third year of successful labor in Richmond. During that time the society have erected one of the finest churches in that part of the Conference, and the other material interests have been largely advanced. In this case, as usual, pecuniary sacrifices for Christ are followed by religious prosperity. The Vermont Conference is to meet at Richmond this spring, for the first time it has been accessible by railroad but little more than a year.

Rev. W. Underwood, of Swanton, reports a good state of religious feeling on his charge, with several conversions of late.

Brother Joseph Gould and son, of Northfield, have met with a heavy loss in the burning of their woolen mill at Gouldsville, in that town, on the evening of January 31st. The loss is estimated at \$115,000, only one third of which is covered by insurance.

About sixty hands are thrown out of employment by this calamity.

Rev. H. A. Spencer is meeting with his usual success at St. Johnsbury. Five persons were received into the Church on Sabbath, Feb. 2.

There was a very pleasant gathering of friends at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Rochester, on the evening of January 11th, it being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. F. H. Roberts and wife. The friendly greetings, pleasant songs, and substantial tokens of kindly regard, all conspired to render it an occasion long to be remembered.

The new chapel at the State Prison in Windsor, mentioned last week, has been dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

The Congregational Society of North Benning have recently held a fair, and raised \$750 towards furnishing their new house of worship.

A new bell has been secured and put up on St. John's Episcopal Church, in East Poultney.

The religious interest in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Williston, mentioned last week, still continues with unabated power.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

There is a wide-spread temperance revival coming on in this State. The temperance people have grown restless at seeing the open recklessness of the men engaged in the traffic, and witnessing so many intoxicated men and women (it is alarming to see how common this evil is among women). The different temperance organizations are growing active. New ones are springing up. Lecturers are in the field. The ministers are taking the platform, and speaking out in their pulpits with new vigor. The pledge is being circulated, and the temperance political party is alive with a determination to be felt in the coming election. In Eppling, about six hundred persons, nearly one half the population, have signed a petition to those engaged in the sale, requesting them to leave off their bad business, and notifying them if they do not, the law will be enforced. In Tilton, the seat of our Conference Seminary, one hundred of the best citizen voters have pledged themselves to fully annihilate the liquor traffic in their town and Northfield.

Harvey Murch, esq., of Lebanon, has for several years kept his town purified of sellers. No man can engage in the traffic there, and his work is an illustration of what can be done by one earnest, true man. In connection with his work, the town is just now being stirred by Mr. Woodbury, a lawyer from Maine, and nearly three hundred people have signed the pledge, and a reform club has been organized. In Newport one hundred and seventy-five have signed the pledge and organized a club. Claremont has had a strong appeal in the suicide of a prominent druggist, caused by strong drink. The people have bestirred themselves, and some of the most enthusiastic meetings ever seen in the town have been held. A club has been formed, leading citizens leading the movement, and eighty persons signed the pledge at one meeting.

The two religious societies in Suncook are warring with each other to arouse public sentiment against the traffic. Portsmouth, Exeter, Raymond, Kingston, Sunapee, and many other places are giving the good cause special attention, and with the influences set in motion by the recent great convention held in Concord, and the plans being adopted by the Executive Committee of the State Temperance Union, we are looking for an active campaign.

This is the time for every temperance man and woman to work, with the law, moral means, the ballot, or in any way, only work, to stay the great evil, and build the people up in temperance truth.

Rev. J. F. Norton, pastor of the Congregational Society in Fitzwilliam, has tendered his resignation to take effect on March 31st.

Rev. Dr. Spaulding, of Dover, preached a sermon on a recent Sabbath to his people, directly pointing to the defaulting cashier at Exeter, and the connection of Senator Patterson with Credit Mobiliere.

Rev. William House, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Londonderry for fifteen years, has resigned his pastorate, and accepted a call to the Congregational Society in Barrington, R. I.

Some enterprising ladies in Nashua have given a course of first-class lectures this winter, and cleared about \$200 above expenses.

The White Mountain Baptist Association, at their last annual meeting, held in Jefferson, voted to send Wm. Robinson, a colored man, to the Richmond Va. Theological Institute one year.

Mrs. Martha Hale Root, wife of Mr. Horace White, of the *Chicago Tribune*, whose funeral occurred two weeks since in that city was a native of Dover.

New Hampshire is one of the nine States in which the post-office receipts exceed the expenditures, and surplus on her behalf last year was \$30,000.

Deerfield claims to be the leading agricultural town in Rockingham County. It has 22,000 acres of improved land, and grows annually 3,000 bushels of wheat, 10,000 of corn, 3,000 of oats, 25,000 of potatoes, 300,000 pounds of wool, 4,000 tons of hay, and \$12,000 worth of orchard products.

Rev. C. M. Palmer, of the Congregational Church in Cornish, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Congregational Church in Meriden.

The Methodist Society in Sunapee, Rev. J. H. Hillman, pastor, has of late enjoyed a good degree of revival interest; some twenty persons have professed conversion, and the Church has been greatly quickened. A cupola has been erected on the church, and a 12,000 pound bell, placed in it by the liberality of friends in Sunapee and adjoining towns.

Rev. J. B. Robinson, President of the Conference Seminary, preached an able sermon to a large congregation, on the 3d inst., in the Methodist Church at Franklin, on "The Composition and Work of God's Church."

Rev. E. M. Wheelock, formerly of Dover, is superintendent of the Institution for the Blind, at Austin, Texas.

Extra meetings are still being held, by Rev. S. T. Heath, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Fisherville. Revs. C. F. Fowler and J. Carter have been assisting the pastor, and a great religious interest seems to pervade the whole community.

A temperance union has been organized by the people of Haverhill and Bradford, Mass. Rev. W. F. Crafts, of our Conference, has been elected President. Six good speakers from abroad have been engaged to address the children, on two different occasions. An agent has commenced to canvass the place to obtain funds and signers to the pledge.

The Claremont District Preachers' Meeting met in Keene, the 12th and 13th inst. Rev. J. Pike was elected President, and Wm. H. Stuart, Secretary. Several questions were discussed in essays, and by speakers, but Rev. A. L. Kendall read a paper on "How shall we supply the destitute fields in Methodism with ministers," which stirred himself and everybody else. The oil circuit system, and equity in ministerial support were also advocated with lively interest. The second point was the love of contention, and how to do it, was the question frequently asked but never answered. Revs. N. Fisk and W. H. Stuart preached before the Association with great acceptance, and Rev. Mrs. C. P. Taplin, of Belknap Falls, Vermont, Conference, addressed the association and ladies of the Church on the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, after which she organized a society in the ladies' parlor, taking thirty-five names. If this sister, Sister Scott, or some other one, equally well adapted to the work, could be employed to canvass our Conference,

and address the ladies in all our churches on this subject, and organize them into missionary societies, it would be a blessing to the churches and heathen women.

OLINDO.

Rev. J. W. Adams, pastor of High Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Great Falls, N. H., writes: "The religious interest in High Street is unabated, while at Main Street it has very much increased, upon which we heartily congratulate our worthy co-laborer, Brother Ryder. Capt. Cyrus Sturdevant (Agent of the Portland, Bangor and Machias Steamboat Co.), lectured before our very prosperous 'Reform Club' last Saturday evening, thrilling the vast audience with his noble words in behalf of temperance and religion. On Sunday afternoon he addressed the High Street Church, on the power of the 'Good Samaritan' principle to save the abandoned and seemingly hopeless victims of crime, and illustrated his facts by incidents in the history of the Prison, and Allen Mission in Portland. In the evening he addressed a union service, giving more in detail the history of this philanthropic work in his city. The spirit of Jesus which this noble man carries with him, enables him to leave a salutary influence behind him. Verily, he is of 'the priesthood of the people.'"

SOUTHEASTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Dover District Ministerial Association held a meeting of much interest at Dover, on February 12 and 13. Some twenty ministers, several of them with their ladies, were present. The essays and discussions were of the usual character. Some of the profound questions which have agitated the theological world for ages, were peacefully settled—till we meet again! On the afternoon of Wednesday, Mrs. Rev. O. W. Scott gave an address in behalf of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, before the Association and the ladies of the Dover Society. It was an excellent address, pleasantly delivered, and was received with great satisfaction. The ladies of the Dover Church gave their guests of the Preachers' Meeting an entertainment in the shape of a collation in the chapel, Wednesday evening. The occasion was one of much social enjoyment.

This is a new feature of these gatherings of the inauguration of which the Dover ladies must have the credit. The example might be followed in other places where the Association may meet, and much profit and pleasure be thereby added to the occasions. At a later hour Rev. J. W. Adams preached an able sermon on Christian Progress.

The brethren generally reported their charges to be in a prosperous condition. Revivals are in progress in some of them, and in most, some souls are being saved.

Rev. H. Montgomery, of Seabrook, has seen, since his three years of service there, the church improved by the addition of a bell and new furnaces for the church, a new vestry, a barn, and a woodshed on the parsonage premises, and a new wooden tent-building on the Epping Camp-ground—costing over \$200.

Rev. F. Ryder, of the Main Street Church, Great Falls, reports a large addition to the congregation, and an increase in the Sunday school of more than fifty per cent. The church has been painted and otherwise improved; and best of all the seats are made free to all comers. There is a gracious revival now in progress among his people.

J. T.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—Chester Street Church has been completely renovated, improved, and ornamented at an expense of \$6,500 within two months. The roof has been shingled, new steps and front doors have been made, the outside painted (white), the inside very tastefully painted and frescoed, the latter by Wm. Carl, of Boston; the seats newly upholstered, a recess built for the pulpit, a new and beautiful pulpit, new carpets, gas-fixtures, very fine steeple; the front of the gallery cut down. There is a baptismal font of solid Ohio stone, mullioned windows of ground glass, and ventilators. The above enumeration gives but a faint idea of the wonderful transformation that has taken place. Rev. J. A. M. Chapman, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was engaged to preach the sermon in the afternoon, but being unable to be present by reason of sickness, at the request of his brethren, the pastor, Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, decided to preach. He proved himself equal to the emergency, and preached a sermon of marked interest and ability, selecting as a text, St. John vii. 12, "I am the light of the world." Revs. Drs. C. B. Brown and D. Patten, Revs. E. F. Clark, D. H. Ellis, S. L. Gracey, J. F. Sheffield and J. Mather participated in the services of the afternoon. A beautiful collection was provided by the ladies of the Church. After tea an interesting episode occurred. George M. Carpenter, esq., called the company to order, and in a felicitous speech presented the pastor with a check for \$100, as a token of their appreciation of his services in raising funds, and especially the sermon that they considered worth the money. In the evening, at half past seven o'clock, Rev. Dr. Estlin, Professor in the Theological Seminary, preached an impressive and highly interesting sermon from Isaiah ix. 6. His name shall be called Wonderful. Revs. G. L. Westgate, A. A. Presbury, J. E. Hawkins, and Dr. D. Patten assisted in the services. The means having been fully provided to make these much needed improvements, there was no occasion for a collection. The Church is now in a condition to go on for a generation to come, and repeat the achievements of the past for Christ and souls.

J. F. S.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

This body met at Pleasant Street Church, New Bedford, on Monday evening, February 3. The exercises commenced with a sermon by W. F. Whitaker, of South Yarmouth. The meeting organized next morning at 9 o'clock by the choice of the presiding elder, W. F. Harlow, president, and W. F. Whitaker, secretary, and reading His Word.

The first hour was devoted to the relation of personal experience, and was a very profitable service. Essays were then presented by E. McChesney, and W. Livesey. Hebron Vincent and J. Gray discussed spically "Tyndall's Prayer Test;" J. O. Thompson, to whom had been assigned the question, "Are the suggestions of the Discipline with reference to Infant Baptism binding on us in our practice?" declared that he found himself without a subject—the Discipline containing plenty of *traces*, but no "suggestion" on the subject.

J. Livesey presented ably the orthodox view of the "Witness of the Spirit;" F. Upham, D. D., discussed clearly, briefly, pointedly, the necessities of our missionary work; C. Stokes, and E. A. Lyon, each presented an exegesis of a sermon upon John iii. 36, and W. T. Worth read a well-written "History of Pleasant Street Church;" D. H. Ellis, principal of Providence Conference Seminary, addressed the meeting, presenting in a terse and powerful speech, the needs and claims of that institution.

The sermon, on Tuesday evening, was by C. H. Ewer, of Oysterfield, a modest, earnest, and promising young man. After the sermon W. T. Harlow baptized the infant son of W. T. Worth. One of the most interesting portions of the meeting was that devoted to reports from churches.

Pleasant Street, W. T. Worth, pastor; County Street, E. McChesney; Allen Street, J. M. Durrell; were all reported in a prosperous condition, some revival interest existing in each, as was also the case in Middlebury, J. B. Carroll; and Fairhaven, J. Gray.

Fourth Street, F. Upham, D. D.; Edgartown, D. A. Whedon, D. D. (represented by H. Vincent); West Sandwich, H. B. Cady; South Middleboro', B. L. Sayer; Oysterfield, C. H. Ewer; Acushnet, E. A. Lyon; Pocomet, Charles Rider; Marion, J. B. Washburn; South Carver, P. Townsend; and Vineyard Haven, J. O. Thompson, were represented as enjoying a fair degree of prosperity.

C. G. Deming, of North Shore, reported a probably successful effort to pay off the debt upon the parsonage of his charge.

D. M. Rogers brought good tidings from Wareham. A new church at East Wareham, out of debt, with a good wood-lot, which will be sufficient to supply church and pastor with fuel in all the future.

J. D. Butler reported the Bethel as enjoying peace and a fair degree of prosperity.

At West Sandwich, the pastor reported fifty-five as the average attendance of five classes for the last quarter. Can any other society show a better record?

At Edgartown, Sandwich, and East Harwich, the Sunday-schools are increasingly interesting, and good words from the *Irean Series* came from all quarters.

Sandwich Church is in a fair way to pay off a debt of twenty-five years' standing.

W. T. Worth, and G. W. Stearns, of New Bedford, and J. O. Thompson, of Vineyard Haven, were appointed a committee to prepare a programme for the next meeting, which will undoubtedly be a District Conference.

The meeting adjourned after the usual votes of thanks, and we departed; having derived much both of enjoyment and profit from the occasion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bishop Merrill met with a splendid reception from the Methodists of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., January 30. Some fifteen hundred people were present in the Jackson Street Church, St. Paul, during the evening, and shook hands with the Bishop and his wife.

Rev. Daniel Macafee, an able theological writer, called by some of his brethren the "Brain Worker" of the Irish Wesleyan Conference, died recently in London in his 82d year. He was the author of a widely-known work, "Final Perseverance," and a brave defender of the Protestant cause against O'Connell.

The departure of Dr. and Mrs. Butler for Mexico took place on the 8th inst., from New York. A number of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the pier, and with tearful interest watched the ship loose from her moorings, and sail out upon the bay.

At Worthen Street Sunday-school, Lowell, on a recent Sunday, so great was the interest of the junior department upon the subject of personal salvation, that the superintendent dispensed with the lesson, and the school assumed the form of a prayer-meeting. A large number professed to have found "the pearl of great price," and about fifty of the youth and children rose for the prayers of the Church. There is great religious interest in this society.

The Troy Praying Band has been recently laboring in St. Paul's Church, Lowell; on one service thirty persons came forward for prayer, and the Church has been generally refreshed.

At St. Paul's M. E. Church, Fourth Avenue, New York the marriage of Mr. Hiram Sibley, jr., of Rochester, N. Y., to the only daughter of Mr. Fletcher Harper, jr., was solemnized on Thursday evening, 6th inst., in the presence of a very large assemblage. Bishop Simpson performed the ceremony; the benediction being pronounced by Rev. Dr. Durbin, the bride's grandfather.

Rev. John H. Power, D. D., of the Iowa Conference, formerly one of the Book Agents in charge of the Western Book Concern at Cincinnati, and long a well-known and honored minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Burlington, Iowa, on Sunday, January 26.

Rev. S. E. Quimby, of Exeter, N. H., sends a word in reference to the extraordinary work of grace now in progress in that place. Every social meeting is a love-feast. Here is the testimony of one new convert over sixty years of age:—

"I used frequently to be troubled with God's providences, and impatient under disappointments, but I have lately become wiser. I have been unable to work during this fall and winter. Heretofore, this would have been a trial to me, but now I see that it was God's method of calling me back to Him. If I had been occupied with business I should not have thought of my lost condition. But He has given me time for meditation, prayer, and reading His Word. I thank Him for it. Myself and wife are rejoicing now that we have treasure in heaven, and no longer a well-known and honored minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Burlington, Iowa, on Sunday, January 26.

From Bangor District, we learn through Rev. George Pratt, that much spiritual activity is developed. In all the charges—or nearly so—the pastors are at work in the midst of the most hopeful signs of great success. Among the places where signal outpourings have been manifested, are Enns, Detroit, North Dixmont, Exeter, and Orono. In the latter place a salutary influence succeeded the meeting of the Conference there last June. Brother Pratt thinks hundreds have been brought to Christ since the last Conference, within the limits of the Bangor District; nor is the work of heart-purity forgotten, as a majority of the pastors are not strangers to the precious gift of divine love.

The young and vigorous church in East Rochester, N. H., Rev. A. A. Cleveland, is still growing. Eight persons have recently been received into full membership, and seventy-five stand enrolled as probationers as the result of a recent revival. After the preaching of the missionary sermon on a recent Sunday morning, the amount collected exceeded the apportionments several dollars. In few charges are the people kinder or more attentive to the pastor and his family.

We learn of a great work of grace in Pleasant Square, N. J., where Rev. E. Davies is at the present writing laboring. It seems that all the inhabitants, but eight, have manifested an interest in religion.

Rev. J. N. Marsh went to Pittston, three months after Conference, to do all his health would allow. He and his wife still have poor health. His preaching has been kindly applied the pulpit. And the word, with the labors of the pastor, has been blessed of heaven. There is a deep interest in the

meetings, and a number have manifested a desire to be saved. The prospects are decidedly good. Members of the Church are seeking the higher life.

The Methodist Church in Rutland, Vt., which has been undergoing extensive repairs, was re-opened on the 29th ult., free of incumbrance. The sermon was by Rev. S. D. Brown, D. D. In the evening Rev. D. W. Dayton, formerly pastor, preached. Nineteen years ago Methodism was introduced into this village, and to-day it is among the leading religious powers in the community.

WE'VE GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

Sell Billy! No, loosen the bride;
Unfetter the gallant old steed.
His eye has grown dim and uncertain,
Forgotten his old-time speed;
But memory halos him over
With thoughts that are sacredly dear;
So I pledge him no longer to labor,
And hallow that pledge with a tear.

Swift thought, glancing back past the shades,
Spoke first of that long-vanished day
He stood all so patiently waiting
By the "meeting-house" over the way,
While I held a hand at the altar,
And vows were recorded on high,
Till the angels beat earthward to murmur:
"Yours, yours for the ever and aye."

O! the air was all throbbing with music,
And sunshine was gliding the way,
When he sped with my bride to the cot-
tage.
Our home from that glad nuptial day,
His step had the antique's restlessness,
The grace of the gentle gazelle,
As he passed the fresh mead and the moun-
tain.

Toward the cottage we both loved so well.
But, Billy, time passed, and its changes
Brought changes to you and to me;
For sorrow sent tears to the farm-house,
Like waves oversteering the sea.
And, Billy, we two were grown older,
My head was well threaded with gray,
When you waited so solemn and silent
By the meeting-house over the way.

A horse stood in waiting beside you,
A dirge floated out on the air,
And tears trickled silently downward,
While sobs choked the accents of prayer;
And the bell in the old church-steeple
Kept mournfully telling the tale;
And the winds, floating tenderly outward,
Bore softly the piteous wail.

Just there, where we stood at the altar,
So happy in days long ago,
The coffin was draped in the symbols
Which typify bitterest woe.
With her meek hands silently folded,
Her sightless orbs shaded from view,
With the pallor so still on her forehead,
A coldness so strange on her brow,

They placed her beside that same altar,
But this time all silent and lone,
And they called her an angel in heaven,
Where sorrow may never be known.
Then out from the door of the chapel
They carried that silent day,
You bore it so slow and solemn,
The sad funeral way.

No, Billy, we've grown old together,
And you have been faithful and true;
We've journeyed through gladness and sor-
row.
We'll journey life's pilgrimage through,
So, buyer, please loose the bride,
Unfetter the gallant old steed;
And Billy, from hardship and labor,
I pledge him is ever free.

—From *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 3.

LESSON IX. Escape from Sodom.
Gen. xix. 15-26.

TOPIC: The just judgment of God.

GOLDEN TEXT: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. ii. 3.

1. A wicked city.
2. The salvation of the few.
3. The destruction of the many.
4. The fate of the disobedient.

Notes on Genesis xviii.

BY F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

ABRAHAM'S FEAST WITH JEHOVAH.

V. 1. "And Jahveh appeared unto him among the oaks (in the oak-grove) of Mamre (the Amorite chief). And he was sitting in the door of his tent in the heat of the day." This oak-grove probably crowned a summit, and was visible from afar. The chief's tent was conspicuous by size and situation in the encampment, his flocks and cattle being spread over a considerable extent of country, and in the middle of the day Abraham sat in the most cool and breezy place, in the door and outer shadow of the tent. God had called him once and again, and he had obeyed the call; He had drawn him to Himself by covenant, once and again, and as Abraham became gradually schooled in the way of faith, God had changed his name from Abram (lofty father), to Abraham (father of a multitude), and the name of his wife from Sarai (contentious), to Sarah (princess). Now for the first time He appears to him in human form, talking with him face to face, with a freedom and condescension which is here painted with touches of Homeric distinctness and simplicity, and now for the first time, also, is revealed the wondrous power of the faithful soul in intercessory prayer. God has come to make His abode with the believing soul (John xiv. 23). "We will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him."

Y. 2. "Three men stood before him." Yet there is ONE of the three whom he addresses as *my Lord* (v. 3), and who is called by the historian, and by him-
self, JAHVEH (vv. 13, 14), whom he recognized as God in human form. Heavenly visitants have always ap-
peared on earth in human form, but we are not warranted to infer that they have such forms, except for the purpose of revelation to man. We know ra-
tional intelligences only under this form; we can communicate with other beings only through human language, and in condescension to our condition God reveals himself under human limitations. For the same reason these heavenly visitants accept Abraham's hospitality, and eat and drink with him. But we are not warranted from this to draw any inferences as to their mode of life in their proper sphere. The whole transaction is typical of the more intelli-
gent spiritual communion to which Abraham was now admitted.

Vv. 4-5. All the little touches of this description bring before us the unchang-
ing Eastern manners. The hospitable Abraham invites the wayfarers to re-
cline in the shade of his tent and tree, take off their sandals, and refresh their parched and sandy feet, and modestly asks them to accept a little water, and a morsel of bread, while he is in mind to spread for them as sumptuous a feast as his flocks and herds can furnish. There is no meat nor bread on hand for guests; there never is now in an Arab country house, but the flour is kneaded to a paste, and baked on the hot stones, and the meat is slaughtered and ready for the table within an hour, choice bits being spitted and held before the fire (Homer, *Iliad*, I. 465) as it

would be there to-day. Sarah herself, makes and cooks the cakes, as an Eastern sheikh's wife would now, while Abraham does not send to the herd, but runs himself and selects a "calf tender and good," although he allows a boy to dress it. So Achilles, after Priam came to his tent, rose up and slew a "silver-white sheep," and served the king with his own hands (*Iliad*, 24, 621). Butter a favorite Eastern condiment, if, indeed, it is not there to be reckoned as a substantial, in which at a well-prepared Arab feast all food is made to swim, and milk of camels, goats, or sheep, which is there the immediate beverage, and probably also curds and cream, come to the table with the hot cakes and fresh meat. And did Jehovah eat hot bread and veal with Abraham? He did—why not, if thus He chose to show His care and love? Of course this Jehovah is not the icy Absolute that some men profess to worship, but it is the God who wipes away tears, who numbers the hairs of our heads, — the God of Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary.

ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION FOR SODOM.
Vv. 17-19. Still speaking after the manner of men, Jehovah is represented as soliloquizing concerning making known to Abraham the doom of the Sodomites. Weighty reasons are given for this revelation to the "friend of God."

(1) The great spiritual dignity, and world-wide importance of his character. This great distinction already granted, includes the less of this special revelation; "Abraham shall surely become a nation, great and mighty."

(2) The world-wide significance of the event makes it proper to reveal it to the man who is to be the channel of God's grace to the world, "blessed in him shall be all the nations of the earth."

(3) His children are to dwell in this land, and to have before their eyes in this "valley of death," which once had been the "valley of fertile fields" (Siddim), an awful monument of God's judgment. The Lord would have Abraham faithfully warn his children by this example against the abominable sins of Sodom (v. 19). "I know him;" God's election of Abraham to this lofty spiritual dignity was based upon knowledge of his character, foreknowledge of his holy life.

V. 21. Jehovah says, "I will go down now (from Abraham's tent to the vale of Siddim), and I will see whether they have done altogether according to its (Sodom's) cry which has come to me," the cry for punishment, as that of Abel's blood. Sodom's manifold sins called for the thunders of the avenging God.

Vv. 23-25. Here is the most astonish-
ing and instructive instance of interces-
sory prayer furnished us in revelation,
excepting only the prayer of the Divine
Intercessor as given by the beloved dis-
ciples. Abraham pleads not simply for
Lot and his kindred, but he is a medi-
ator for the land of which he is propi-
etor by Jehovah's covenant (chap. xv.
18). First, in humble and reverent
hesitation, appealing to God's justice
in behalf of the few righteous who
might be involved in the catastrophe,
then, in holy boldness which waxes
warmer and warmer, he firmly, yet
humbly clings to God's mercy, and
prays for the cities themselves, and
wins the promise that ten righteous
men shall save the whole district from
its doom. It is a wonderful example
of persistent, yet humble and reverent
intercession in behalf of men under
God's sentence of wrath.

Notes on Genesis xix. 1-23.
BY JAMES G. MURPHY, LL. D.

This chapter records a part of God's strange work, — strange, because it consists in punishment, and because it is foreign to the covenant of grace. Yet it is closely connected with Abraham's history, inasmuch as it is a signal chastisement of wickedness in his neighborhood, a memorial of the righteous judgment of God to all his posterity, and at the same time a remarkable answer to the spirit, if not to the letter, of his intercessory prayer. His kinsman Lot, the only righteous man in Sodom, with his wife and two daughters, is delivered from destruction in accordance with his earnest appeal on behalf of the righteous.

Vv. 1-3. "The two angels." These are the two men who left Abraham standing before the Lord (Gen. xviii. 22). "Lot sat in the gate," the place of public resort for news and for business. He courteously rises to meet them, does obeisance to them, and invites them to spend the night in his house. "Nay, but in the street will we lodge." This is the disposition of those who come to inquire, and it may be, to condemn and to punish. They are twice in this chapter called angels, being sent to perform a delegated duty. This term, however, defines their office, not their nature. Lot, in the first in-
stance, calls them "my lords," which is a term of respect that may be ad-
dressed to men (Gen. xxi. 35). He afterwards styled one of them Adonai, with the peculiar vowel pointing which limits it to the Supreme being. He at the same time calls himself his servant, appeals to his grace and mercy, and ascribes to him his deliverance. The person thus addressed replies, in a tone of independence and authority, "I have accepted thee." "I will not overthrow this city for which thou hast spoken." "I cannot do anything till thou go thither." All these circumstances point to a divine personage, and are not so easily explained of a mere delegate.

He is pre-eminently the Saviour, as He who communed with Abraham was the hearer of prayer. And He who hears prayer and saves life, appears also as the executor of His purpose in the over-throw of Sodom and the other cities of the vale. It is remarkable that only two of the three who appeared to Abraham are called angels. Of the persons in the Divine essence two might be the angels or deputies of the primary in the discharge of the Divine purpose. These three men, then, either immediately represent, or, if created angels, immediately shadow forth persons in the Godhead. Their number indicates that the persons in the Divine unity are three.

Lot seems to have recognized some-
thing extraordinary in their appearance,
for he made a lowly obeisance to them. The Sodomites heed not the strangers. Lot's invitation, at first declined, is at length accepted, because Lot is ap-
proved of God as righteous, and ex-
cepted from the doom of the city.

Vv. 12-23. The visitors now take steps for the deliverance of Lot and his kindred before the destruction of the cities. 12-14. All that are related to him are included in the offer of deliv-
erance. There is a blessing in being connected with the righteous, if men will but avail themselves of it. 15, 16. Lot seems bewildered by the contemptu-
ous refusal of his connections to leave the place. His early choice and his growing habits have attached him to the place, notwithstanding its tempta-
tions. His married daughters, or at least the intended husbands of the two who were at home ("who are here"), are to be left behind. But though these thoughts make him linger, the mercy of the Lord prevails. The angels use a little violence to hasten their escape. 17. "The mountain" was preserved by its elevation from the flood of rain, sulphur, and fire which descended on the low ground on which the cities were built. 18-22. Lot begs for a small town to which he may retreat, as he shrinks from the perils of a mountain dwelling, and his request is mercifully granted.

Berean Lesson VIII. Gen. iv. 1-7.

SEED THOUGHTS.
[These "seed thoughts" are designed only as supplementary to those in the regular question book, where only will be found the historical and geographical parts of the lesson.]

1. Can we discover any special reason why God makes to Adam the announcement in v. 1? (see chap. xiv.)

2. Do you see any occasion why Adam should open his heart so freely to God, of his personal and family interests just now?

3. In what sense shall we understand: "I am thy shield?" Physically, temporally, socially, civilly, or morally? Let his history answer.

4. Is there anything of the nature of prayer in v. 3?

5. Any reason why God should make this covenant with Adam, rather than an other man?

6. Was there any preparation in the history and character of Adam for his great faith, which now appears, or was it the first appearance of goodness?

7. What hints does history give of the confirmation of this prophecy of Adam's numerous seed? (More than 7,000,000 of the descendants of Benjamin and Judah alone, are now traceable in all nations, and speaking all languages under heaven.)

8. What cardinal doctrine of Christianity is found in v. 6?

9. When dates the history of the powerful Jewish nation, and Jewish Church?

L. D. B.

The Family.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.
BY LUCY LARCOM.

If I were a sunbeam
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white light
Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them;
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam
I know what I'd do:
I would lowest bowels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine!
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With all inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
O, so God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

HOW TIGER PROVED THE PROVERB.

There were once two little girls who lived on a farm, amid the wild and picturesque scenery of Northern New Hampshire.

If the rocks, in field and pasture made "papa" shake his head in a very desponding manner sometimes, they in no wise marred the pleasure of these little maidens. With the small ones, they built numberless towers of Babel, and fortified their mud cities; while many a large tree-shaded rock, was to them a fairy palace, or enchanted castle.

I shall call these little girls Mary and Ellen Martin; for should I tell you their real names, a certain eager group of little boys and girls would cry out, as they read, "Why, mamma, that was you!"

Mary and Ellen were rich in great possessions. There were "Star," and "Whitey," and "Black," and "Brindle," who soberly marched in single file home to the milking-yard.

There were "Rob" and "Nell," who pranced and danced, capered and kicked, after the manner of universal colthood, but were nightly sheltered at last in the same farm-yard.

There was a whole flock of sober-faced sheep, with here and there a skipping bit of woolly youth.

There was such gobbling and crowing, such clucking and cackling, as to make it certain that turkeys and hens were many in number, and enterprising in spirit.

Perhaps, Papa Martin may have de-
luded himself with the idea that these flocks and herds were in some way his;

but a short conversation with Mary and Ellen would have settled the question of ownership.

But with all their treasures, there was one great lack. They had no dog to join in their frolics, and help on their romps. One night, on his return from the neighboring village, Papa Martin, after many mysterious and torturing preliminaries, slowly drew from the pocket of his great blue riding-coat, a queer lump of something black and white. It had four little short legs, a mite of a tail, two bright eyes, two soft ears, and a little black nose, that, by great effort, was raised just high enough to be thrust straight into the blaze of the lamp, which curiously had removed from the table and placed on the kitchen floor. Unbounded was the admiration, and unrestrained the delight of the little girls, and they immediately proceeded to bestow upon his mite of a dogship, the ferocious name of Tiger.

Now Tiger was in no wise a dog of noble descent. He was decidedly pious. He could trace his ancestry back to no soft-eyed spaniel, no intelligent, true-hearted Newfoundland, no lion-hearted St. Bernard. He was simply a cur, and a descendant of curs. But he was a loving, jolly little dog, and he capered and ran, tore the girl's dresses, chewed up their pencils, gnawed the door-mat, dug a hole in the sofa with his sharp little claws, enjoyed himself weekly worrying the spoolless clothes that swung so temptingly to and fro, and barked at everybody, after the manner of many a dog of more noble lineage.

But as he grew older, one ugly trait marred the beauty of his otherwise amiable character, and to tell you of this, I am writing. Mary and Ellen had no brothers, but they were blessed with a number of fun-loving, tormenting boy-cousins, who often spent a merry hour drowning their dolls in the wash-tub, running off with the pet kitten tucked into a pocket, swinging the indignant mother-cat by the tail, and altogether creating dire dismay.

On one of these invasions of the enemy, little Tiger, then a very small dog, had his soft paw accidentally pinched by one of the boy's heavy boots. Tiger was determined not to bear his name for nothing, so he snarled, and growled, and bit at the large foot with his tiny teeth, like a veritable, enraged tiger-cub. Great was the delight of the boys. So small a creature in so great a rage, was an amusing sight to their minds.

So over and over again they pressed his tiny toes, and over and over again Tiger exhibited the spectacle of his helpless rage. Poor Tiger never forgot that lesson; and so morbid did he become on the subject of his wrongs, that the mere proximity of a perfectly well-in-tentioned boot or shoe, would stir up the deepest depths of his canine wrath, and the slightest movement on the part of the supposed enemy, would be the signal for an attack that was surprising if not alarming.

At one time, Master Tiger was present at a wedding, though I am sure he was not invited, for no one seemed aware of his presence, till in the very middle of the ceremony, he solemnly marched across the room, and laid his nose down close to the delicately slipped foot of the bride, ready at the very first movement to resent the supposed insult.

Fortunately there was no movement, till the last "amen" was said, and Tiger was ignominiously hustled out of the room.

Tiger never grew to be anything but a small dog, or his annoying trick would have been a dangerous one. As it was, he sorely tried the patience of his most loving friends, and strangers regarded him with suspicion and marked aversion.

If my true story has a moral, I think it says to the grown-up world, "Be careful of tender toes;" and to the little world of bright-eyed boys and girls, "If your toes are pinched, don't be too quick to snarl." "Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

WILLIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

Our story is not exactly of the "olden time;" it relates to a day when the towns doing business in Boston carried their people over the turnpike roads in stages. Then ten miles was deemed a great distance from the city, and to travel it in a stage, cost nine shillings, that is, a dollar and a half, "the round trip."

Warren Turner was a farmer, living in one of these towns; he was known among the people as Farmer Warren. He had three boys; Warren, his first-born, about fifteen years old, John, thirteen, and Willie, ten.

One beautiful autumn morning, Farmer Warren came out of the house just as the sun was gliding the hill-tops, and sparkling on the frosted forest-leaves. The father ran his hoe-handle through the handles of a basket, threw it over his shoulder, and started for his field. His boys followed; Warren had his basket over his shoulder, and John and Willie theirs in their hands.

Having reached a potato field of many acres, Farmer Warren set down his basket, "thrashed" his hands vigorously under his armpits, and took a leisurely survey of the field. The boys did the same, but their thoughts were running in a different channel; he was thinking of the ample crop, and rich return of this great field; they, of the many days of hard work before it should yield all of its hidden treasure.

Farmer Warren looked at them with a merry twinkle in his eye. He was a Puritan of the strictest sort; but if any of our readers think that he was there-fore "long-faced, sour, short-waisted,"

and a man of contracted eyebrows in the presence of young folks, they are mistaken—that is all.

"Boys," said he, "that is a big field of potatoes!"

The sons understood that.

"I shall have a fine crop, the most of which I shall send to Boston by the teams. That is the easiest way to get them to market."

The boys remembered that he did so the last season.

"But I mean to harness Charley into the wagon, and take a small jag of the last of them into Boston myself."

He paused when he had said this, and looking at his sons, added, "I say I mean to carry a small jag, and finish out the load with boys!"

The boys "took;" for if Farmer Warren could "read" his children, they were quite as apt in reading him. These few words were to them as good as half a day's talk about giving them a ride to Boston. John kicked his basket ten feet, for very joy. His father did not say, What are you kicking that basket for? He thought it much better that his boys should be kicking their baskets, from an exuberance of fun, than for him to be kicking them to make them work.

Farmer Warren led off at once in the digging, and Willie followed him with a small basket, to pick up the potatoes which his father was careful to toss with a slight jerk of his hoe into heaps on one side. Warren followed on the next row, and John picked up for him; but Warren made the potatoes fly in every direction, keeping John jumping, first on this side and then on that.

We remarked that Warren followed his father; but it frequently happened that he was ahead; the way it occurred was this: His father would dodge over to his row, dig a hill or two, so that when the boys came to this place, the jump ahead was very exhilarating.

There were three wide-awake boys about the evening candles that night. Even Willie declared that he was not tired. They talked of the wonderful things they were to see in the city until bed-time, and then talked about them after they were in bed, and before the light of the breaking day stole into their room they were talking about Boston again.

The weeks wore away, and so did the potato rows in the big field. The evening before the intended start came, the careful mother laid out in readiness their clean clothes, for they were to start by four o'clock in the morning. The load was all in the wagon, and Charley's breakfast placed by the side of his stall.

The three boys were in the kitchen together, getting ready to retire to bed early, when they heard the voice of a caller in the sitting-room, in earnest conversation with their parents. Their soon recognized it as the voice of Mr. Ross, the father of "Benny" Ross, a sweet little boy, an only child, and Willie's intimate friend. Benny's parents were poor, and their little boy did not have a great many playmates.

"Benny's father!" exclaimed Willie, "O, wouldn't it be splendid to have Benny go with us? He don't have many rides! and he won't take up much room, will he, Warren? I'll go and ask father this minute!" The other boys assented to this generous proposal, and Willie dashed into the sitting-room, to make the request with more than his usual boisterousness.

When Willie's eyes met those of Mr. Ross, he paused and shrunk back, without uttering a word. His pale and anxious face betrayed a burdened heart.

"Our friend Ross has come," said Farmer Warren, "to say that Benny is very sick."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Ross, wiping the tears from his face, "and the doctor says he don't know how it will go with him."

"And," continued Willie's father, "Benny desires to have his friend Willie come early in the morning and sit by him."

"I do believe," again interposed Mr. Ross, "Willie's presence will be better than medicine; he has talked about him so much."

Willie's first impulse was to say, Won't it do just as well after to-morrow? But his eye met the calm look of his mother, which seemed to say: Isn't duty the sweetest pleasure, Willie? Then turning to Mr. Ross, he met another glance which said, My poor little Benny! Willie's indecision was gone. He turned to Mr. Ross, and said with a firm but a tender tone, "Give my love to Benny; I'll come to see him real early in the morning, and stay all day."

There were three happy boys the next day. Two were riding over the turnpike into Boston, counting the long line of stages and carriages which hurried past them, wondering at the marvelous construction of the bridge over which they rattled; calling each other's attention through the whole day to the ever-shifting scenes which seemed to them like a grand panorama.

The other boy sat by the bed-side of his little suffering, sick friend. Benny's smiles sent a joy to the watcher's heart, holier and more endearing than all the innocent and well-earned pleasure of his brothers.

Three boys sat by the old kitchen fire that evening, talking "as fast as their tongues could run." Who was the happiest? tell me, my little reader.

In speaking of a local debating society, a country paper says, "Our town debating club is in full swing, and questions that have engrossed the intellectual functions of sages ever since the flood, are being decided at the rate of two a week."

A BOY'S LETTER FROM EUROPE.

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY.

The sun was just gliding the far-off summits of the Alps, and brightening up the forests crowning the Albin chain, as I bade farewell to Zurich, and took the early train for Karlsruhe.

There was nothing to be seen particularly worthy of notice during the ride. At Waldschut, where we crossed the German boundary line, the custom officers went through the farce of examining our baggage, but were very careful not to give themselves too much trouble about it. The operation of examining seemed to consist in looking very wise and solemn, placing their hand as if it was the arm of the law itself, upon the lid of the trunk, asking in a sepulchral tone if anything contra-band was contained therein, and on receiving a negative answer, motioning us with an exceedingly dignified wave of the hand to pass on.

After leaving Basel, the road lies along the banks of the Rhine, which in that part of its course is narrow, and quite an ordinary-looking stream. At Freiburg we caught a glimpse of the fair-famed cathedral, and a castle crowning the heights above. There was nothing more of interest to be seen till we reached our destination, Karlsruhe.

Carlsruhe is a place but little known to tourists, having nothing of natural scenery, and but few sights to attract visitors. Its claims to notice, consist only in its being the residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, and the seat of one of the best Polytechnicums in Europe.

It is a small, flat city, of about 40,000 inhabitants, situated in the northern part of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The form of the city is somewhat peculiar, being laid out in the shape of a cart-wheel, the streets radiating from the palace of the Grand Duke, which is the centre, or "hub," forming half the spokes, while the avenues leading off into the woods behind the palace form the other half.

The radiating streets are cut by another, which runs in so straight a line through the city, that one standing at the city gate at one end, can see the other gate at the other end, a distance of about a mile and a half.

A friend met us at the depot, and we took a cab for one of the forty hotels in the place. In regard to hotels, it is different here from what it is in America. Here, instead of having one or two large hotels, every large town has a score or more of little ones, some of which are not large enough to lodge a whist party. And as a general thing, the smaller the inn, the more high-sounding name it has. As for instance, one containing a dozen rooms, goes by the name of "Hotel of the Emperor Alexander;" another, "Hotel of the German Court," etc.

On our way from the depot, we passed several stands where "American Soda-water" is for sale. But, as we afterward found, it is a poor counterfeit of the "liquid air," drawn from "Tut's patent fountain."

Of course the Duke's palace is the first object of interest. Although quite large, there is nothing remarkably fine about its outward appearance, and did not strike us as being very palatial. It is quite plain, built in the form of a semicircle, and ornamented with numerous groups of statuary. Within the semicircle, partly formed by the palace, or castle, as it is called, the ground is laid out in a park. Beyond this park are the hunting-grounds of the Duke, stocked with deer and wild boars.

These grounds extend back for fifteen or twenty miles, and form a part of the Black Forest, famous in legend and story as the scene of highway robbery and murder. Before the castle, the ground is laid out in gardens and promenades. This is one of the largest public parks in Germany.

There is a story told about the founding of the city. It is said that the region about Carlsruhe was once the hunting-ground of Carl III., Duke of Baden. One day the Duke when out hunting, in the excitement of the chase, was separated from his companions, and lost his way. To add to his discomfiture, a violent storm arose. Cold, hungry, and wet, he wandered about for several hours without being able to find his companions, or a shelter from the storm. The storm increased in violence, night came on, and he was still far from any village. At last, almost in despair, he crawled into the hollow trunk of an oak-tree, and overcame by exhaustion, he fell asleep.

After several hours he was awakened by the approach of his companions, who were overjoyed at finding him, having been searching for him all night.

The Duke felt so grateful for the shelter afforded him by the tree, that he determined to build a city there, which he did, calling it Carlsruhe, which in German means "Carl's rest." A great stone pyramid marks the spot where the tree to which Carlsruhe owes its existence, once stood.

The houses in Carlsruhe, with the exception of those on a few of the newer streets, are all built alike, in blocks, fronting directly on the sidewalks. One passing along can look into all the front rooms of the first story, or at least could, were it not that the windows are made in such a way as to prevent it. The window-glass is made slightly convex, so that while it does not hinder one from within from looking out, it effectually prevents one on the outside from looking in. Many of the houses have mirrors placed at an angle with the window, so that a person within can see all that is going on in the streets.

A down-east editor, who has been keeping a record of big beats, announces at last that "the beat that beat the beat that beat the other beat, is now beaten by a beat that beat all the beats, whether the original beat that beat the beat, or a beat that beat the beat that beat the other beat."

During the late American war, a man out West, in a small gathering of friends, was urging upon their minds the importance of enlisting. "Go, my brave friends," said he: "fight for your country — die for it, if it be necessary; for it is sweet to die for your native land." "But," said one, "if it is sweet to die for one's country, why don't you go?" "This was a poser, and for a moment disconcerted him; but, rallying, he declared that he, as an individual, "was not fond of sweet things."

One very interesting feature about Carlsruhe, is the large number of Prussian troops stationed here. There are several regiments of them. The discipline of the Prussians is admirable, almost wonderful. While a soldier is on drill, there is not a natural motion about him. Every move he makes, every step he takes, is done like clock-work. When he walks, he has the regulation step; when he moves his arms, it is according to order. If he runs

